

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 16, 1975 75 CENTS

BOXING'S NEW BARNUM

Promoter Don King
and the stars of
the Thrilla in Manila



LUXURY IS BUILT IN. NOT TACKED ON.

The luxury of a Volvo 164 isn't something you just see. It's something you feel. A sense of elegance that's not gaudily apparent. But very much real.

Inside, for example, there are no brocades or wood-grain veneers. Yet, in its own way, the interior of the 164 reeks of quality. You can smell the fine leather used to face the seats. And these seats are a luxury in themselves. Numerous automotive journals have pronounced them "among the most comfortable in the world."

On the dashboard, no fancy dials or gadgets. The only instrument you may be unfamiliar with is the tachometer. Which in the 164 bears watching. The three liter, fuel-injected engine is so smooth and quiet, the tachometer is sometimes the only way to tell if you're in second or fourth gear. (No extra charge for 4-speed manual with overdrive or automatic transmission.)

Exposed structural parts of the Volvo body are made of rustproof galvanized steel.

Rustproofing isn't just sprayed on. It's drawn into the metal with a powerful magnetic charge before Volvo receives its final exterior coats. The result is an exterior finish that surpasses any mere "paint job." Even the striking metallic finishes are included in the base price of the Volvo 164.

Its overall styling, like all the world's truly elegant cars, is if anything over understated. It cannot be confused with those so-called luxury cars whose arrival loudly proclaims, "dollars, dollars, dollars!"

The Volvo 164 simply states, "sense."

VOLVO 164

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4 mg.**



**Carlton
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4 mg.**

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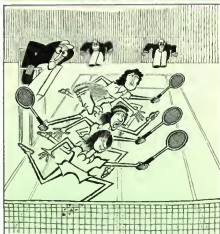
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Cover photograph by Neil Leifer



Arnold Roth

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It was a battle of the lefties at Forest Hills, three making it to the men's semis and two meeting in the finals, where Manuel Orantes left Jimmy Connors for dead. What was left for the women? Well, Chris Evert left with \$25,000 and Martina Navratilova said she's left her homeland for good.

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Next Week

THE OPENING GUN of the NFL season resounds and so does Dan Jenkins in our annual special issue with a semi-reverent shot at what the violent world has come to Mark Mulvey finds things a bit tosy-lurvy, too, but then he's looking at the game from the centers' viewpoint, and Roy Blount Jr. takes on Mean Joe Greene, which is no mean task. Plus 12 pages of scouting reports.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Lane Stewart does not like to be thought of as a photographer of animals, though animals have been the subjects of some of his best pictures. His photographs in this issue of the inhabitants of the top U.S. zoos are the product of his sixth more or less beastly assignment this year; the others involved dogs (twice), pigeons, fish and a fly magnified 55 times. In between, he photographs humans.

To take good pictures of animals, Stewart believes that a photographer needs a combination of patience and luck. "Academic knowledge about animals is not so important," he says, "but you must know their habits in captivity. Animals lead a very scheduled life and their keepers can tell you when they are most likely to react. But if an animal won't cooperate, there is not much you can do. I've been lucky. Hsing-Hsing, the panda in Washington (page 84), just mugged and mugged for me."

Stewart was not as fortunate when he first showed up at the St. Louis zoo, his favorite. He was wearing a blue shirt and some of the animals reacted strangely. The keepers' uniforms were brown and the animals were apparently uncomfortable when a man of another color entered their domain. Attired in a brown shirt, Stewart joined a keeper who was feeding a grizzly bear by throwing meat to him across a moat. "The grizzly knew I did not belong with his keeper and let me know it," Stewart says. "He came right to the edge of the moat and glared at me. Believe me, I got the message."

Wherever he went, Stewart received the cooperation of zoo officials. The keepers in St. Louis assisted him in getting a good position to photograph the polar bears. He crouched high on a

ledge overlooking their home. Suddenly a bear moved beneath the ledge, momentarily disappearing from Stewart's view. "I turned to the keeper next to me and asked, 'Has it ever been proven that polar bears cannot climb these rocks?'" He said, "No." It so happens I ran out of

film that very instant."

Stewart has found that sometimes you can almost get a little too close. On the pigeon assignment (SI, June 30), he positioned himself where 3,000 pigeons were about to explode out of their crates.

"I was suddenly drowned in pigeons, but I managed to click off six frames with my motorized camera," he says, "and one of them appeared in the magazine." Ch. Sir Lancet of Barvan, the Old English sheepdog that won the Westminster Kennel Club show last February, posed another sort of problem. "I couldn't see the dog's eyes," Stewart recalls. "Eventually I just gave up trying and pretended I was taking a picture of the back of someone's head." The picture made SI's Feb. 24 cover.

On his first visit to the Desert Museum near Tucson, Stewart arrived at dusk and asked a friendly gatekeeper if it would be all right for him to take a quick look around before closing so he could mentally prepare for the shooting he would be doing the next few days. "When the sun goes down, the rattlesnakes come out," the man told him. "We caught one near that water fountain just about this time last night." Stewart, who is from Fort Worth, had seen rattlers before so he walked about gingerly. There were no rattlesnake photos in the work he submitted.



STEWART WEARING HIS FOWL WEATHER HAT

Sack Meyer

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BOOKTALK

by RAY KENNEDY

HOW TO BLOW \$1.1 MILLION, OR THE KEYSTONE COPS GO SAILING, SORT OF

You have to feel for Roger Vaughan. There he is, trusty notebook in hand, striking out with the crew of *Mariner* to record a heroic quest for the 1974 America's Cup. But barely is *The Grand Gesture* (Little, Brown, \$10) under way when George Hinman, "Commodore" of the syndicate, makes the author walk the plank for the high crime of having long hair and a mustache. "It just burns me," says Hinman, resplendent in crested blazer and ice-cream pants. "Can you understand that?"

Vaughan digs. Detically short, he scuds bravely on in the face of darker storm warnings. "Going to be a short book, huh?" says one sailmaker after watching *Mariner's* debut. Reynolds du Pont, one of the 150 or so backers who anted up \$1.1 million for a supposed breakthrough in aluminum hull design, is blunter. "If *Mariner* was a wooden boat, we'd have a boiler."

Vaughan, like some ill-fated Ishmael, has obviously signed aboard a doomed vessel. Alas, one feels, the poor guy cast his bread upon the waters—and it sank.

Or did it? As misfortunes mount, the reader is irresistibly drawn into the deepening swirl like driftwood into a maelstrom. No matter that *Mariner* fails to qualify. As Vaughan ably shows, if men are noble in victory, they are merely human—and far more fascinating—in defeat.

The result is a superb sea adventure, a bar-nacle-on-the-hull chronicle that reads like a novel. Buoyed by Vaughan's technical expertise, the book sails, indeed bobs along, in the turbulent wake of Skipper Ted Turner, an outrageous Ahab who hurls verbal harpoons at the boat's aloof designer, Britton Chance, a whale of a villain.

The Keystone Cops Go Sailboat Racing, as Turner christens the venture, abounds in rich insights into what the madness off Newport is all about. At one disastrous stage, for instance, the *Mariner* men meet to vote on a burning question: to cuff or not to cuff their dress slacks. "Losing," says Turner, going under, "is simply learning how to win."

So as *Mariner* sinks slowly in the East we leave Turner spearing Chance ("Really, I'd like to rearrange his features"), Chance blaming Turner, Hinman vowing never again, and Bob Derector, the boat's builder, concluding, "The only thing I wonder is why people keep doing it."

As the lone survivor, *The Grand Gesture* is the best answer yet. END



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sweater, \$60. For further information, write Dept. MS,
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ALL PURE WOOL

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BAD SHOW

The Guns of Autumn, the CBS News special that created such a furor last week, was bloody, brutal and shocking, but it was also a distortion. Preshow publicity had implied that the 90-minute special would be an exposé of hunting, or perhaps an explanation of it, or at the very least a thoughtful study of an activity that means so much to so many people and is abhorred by so many others. But only a small part of *The Guns of Autumn* was devoted to hunting; the bulk of it was about killing, which is not the same thing. Virtually tame bears were killed at garbage dumps, deer in a small-fenced preserve, buffalo in pastures, grouse on the ground. In one long, almost unendurable sequence, inept marksmen tried with dreadfully slow success to kill an already dying deer. Men and women posing with carcasses of what they had shot were depressingly callous.

This was factual and appalling—ugly, stupid and cruel—but it was a cheap shot. As Nelson Bryant wrote in *The New York Times*, "If one were planning to portray the glories of love between woman and man in a television documentary, and then devoted the entire show to the antics of a drunken clod in a bordello, one would achieve the same level of truth."

In focusing on bad hunters and disgusting slaughters, *The Guns of Autumn* confirmed the opinion of antihunting people that killing animals is a vicious business, and it embittered those to whom hunting is a valued and legitimate pastime. Between now and Sept. 28, when CBS will air a reaction to *Guns*, the controversy is sure to build. And killed stone dead is an opportunity for a serious study of hunting with all its subtle, complex pros and cons—a documentary that could have had great value.

BRIAN MacCLOFIELD

Brian Oldfield, the shotputter, surfaced in Santa Rosa, Calif. a couple of weekends ago at the 110th Scottish Gathering and Games. Oldfield, who had a taste of

Scottish competition earlier this summer (St. Sept. 1), accepted the invitation of the California Scotsmen and proceeded to dominate the strong-man competition, winning such things as the 17-pound stone put, the 28-pound weight throw for distance, the 56-pound weight throw for height (his toss cleared 15'6") and something called the Scottish hammer throw (the hammer looks like a standard track hammer: a ball on a wire). Brian was acclaimed "United States champion" for his overall performance but went down to defeat in tossing the caber, the classic Scottish event. The caber is a sort of telephone pole, and the manner in which it is tossed is as important as the distance. Ideally, you flip it so that it lands straight up on its other end. The winner, John Ross of Santa Rosa, hit twice straight up—at 12 o'clock, so to speak—while Oldfield's one good fling landed at 11 o'clock.

Undaunted by defeat, Brian put on the kilt he had picked up in Scotland and fit in beautifully at the party that followed.

CROWD DISPLEASERS

A year ago when attendance at National Football League exhibition games turned out to be disappointingly low, the NFL said that was because of the players' strike. When a lot of empty seats appeared during the regular season, the NFL blamed that on the Federal regulations passed in 1973 requiring sold-out games to be televised locally, and the term "no-shows" became a permanent part of pro football's vocabulary.

Attendance at exhibition games has been disappointing again this year, even though there is no strike and the television rule only applies to nationally televised games. The Washington Redskins had only 18,444, 15,513 and 17,304 at games in R. K. S. stadium, where capacity is 34,747. One New Orleans Saints exhibition in the 74,472-seat Superdome drew 40,089, smallest home crowd in the Saints' history. The New England Patriots, up from last year's sparse figures, are

still down 10,000 fans a game compared to earlier seasons in Schaefer Stadium.

The NFL doesn't know what to blame now, but the trouble seems to lie in high prices for poor performances. It used to be that fans were so football hungry they would all but break down the gates to see two NFL teams meet in a preseason game. Now, obviously, they are no longer impressed by exhibitions that are little more than practice games.

Even the owners and coaches are becoming aware of this, and the overlong six-game preseason schedule may soon be a thing of the past. Edward Bennett Williams, the Redskins' president, is plumping to increase the regular-season schedule from 14 to 16 games while cutting back accordingly on exhibitions. Paul Brown, the venerable coach of the Cincinnati Bengals, agrees, saying, "We could do well with only three or four exhibitions, maybe only two."

BEGINNING AND ON THE GREEN

Golf is such a quiet, peaceful game. A couple of weeks back in Silver Spring, Md., one foursome drove into another



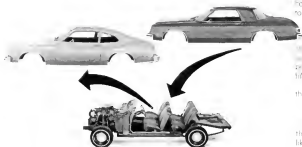
on the 2nd hole at Northwest Park and by the time a minor disagreement about the courtesies of the game was settled, one player was in the hospital with a fractured skull and two others had wounds that required medical attention.

At about the same time, in the U.S. Amateur Championship at Richmond, Va., John Allen Beutler and Robert Hoyt came to the par-5 18th hole all even. Beutler lay 4, three feet from the hole. Hoyt, six feet away, lay 3. Hoyt putted

continued

NEW

What does



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emptiest.

Because it's been abused so much, Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outsiders on old insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly.

Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now, we all know what "new" really is. It's no great, dark secret that you

have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to just fill your needs. Or, rather, to best fit the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration—primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing—and no relief in sight—we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but great gas mileage.

And so we did. The Rabbit has a unique aerodynamic body design which helps it get an impressive 38 miles per gallon on the highway (And on equally impressive 24 miles per gallon in the city).*

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extraordinary about getting high gas mileage—if you want to sacrifice performance (which is exactly what most cars do). But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

W.

it mean?



The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to beappy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way, despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world — none — that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As for its handling, guess we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack and pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a truly unique, independent stabilizer rear axle. Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suf-

fice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blow-out. Dual diagonal brakes, which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to

keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside. It actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!

Curl Up With a Good Ad

Most of the remarkable features that make this automobile world's going to have to wait to go into right now. However, we'll get a chance to talk about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite interested.

But what we *impore*, you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

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The Amazing Rabbit



for the birdie that would have given him the hole and the match—and just missed. Exasperated, he tapped his ball in for a 5. Butler instantly declared that Hoyt had played out of turn and claimed that this meant he had lost the hole and therefore the match. Hoyt howled in protest, and both men turned to the nearest USGA official for a ruling.

Now, Butler was wrong: under *The Rules of Golf* he could insist only that Hoyt replace his ball and play it again, or else he could let the shot stand. But the official did not know this. He ruled that Butler's claim was valid and that he had won the match.

Hoyt stalked off the green in fury, and that was his mistake. Once he left the green, say the holy rules, he could no longer appeal the official's incorrect decision. That error was quickly discovered and the USGA apologized to Hoyt, but he was still the loser. He probably would have had some justification if he had emulated those Maryland turkeys by trying to break his putter over a convenient head. Instead, said the USGA, Hoyt reacted to the apology "with an attitude of outstanding sportsmanship." Well played, Hoyt.

TALK ABOUT ICING

Professional sports teams from time to time have set up training camps in exotic sites. The Chicago Cubs used to go to Catalina Island off the coast of Southern California, and the old Brooklyn Dodgers and New York Yankees would scoot off to distant places in the Caribbean. But the get-away-from-it-all award certainly belongs to the World Hockey Association's Toronto Toros, who opened their camp last week in Sweden. And not just in Sweden, but in a town called Örnsköldsvik, which is 300 miles north of the steamy fleshpots of Stockholm. The Toros will play seven exhibition games in Sweden and two in Finland before coming in out of the cold.

THE WAR GOES ON

When Barry Switzer of Oklahoma discovered that Alabama's suit against the NCAA (See ORLANDO, Sept. 1) would be heard by a judge who was an Alabama Law School graduate in a Tuscaloosa, Ala. court, Switzer supposedly said, "Don't tell me who's going to win. Just give me the point spread."

In short, the Oklahoma coach was not exactly surprised when Judge Sam C.

Pointer Jr. enjoined the NCAA from enforcing legislation that would limit traveling squads to 48 players. And, like most coaches in big-time college football, Switzer was pleased by the ruling that for the time being allows both home and visiting teams to suit up 60 players.

Yet a few coaches, Houston's Bill Yeoman among them, expressed disappointment, not so much with the court's decision as with the fact that NCAA members would go to court to fight rules that were passed in open session at the NCAA convention.

"I'm of the opinion," said Yeoman, "that if the NCAA passes a rule, then the schools should follow it. I'm sorry Alabama did this. Now when some school doesn't want to accept a rule, they'll start a court case—as long as they have the money."

Yeoman said Houston would not take 60 players to away games. "There may be times when we will have only 47 or 48 men," he said, "but that's what we've always done. Carrying 60 means spending extra money—for extra rooms, extra meals, extra plane tickets."

Then he added, with some sadness, "I'm not sure this ruling means anything at all. I'm sure the NCAA will counter-sue. And there will be counters to the counters. And nothing will change."

And college football will continue to suffer.

NOMINAL SKILLS

Charles O. Finley, owner of the Oakland A's, named Jim Hunter "Catfish" and John Odum "Blue Moon," and he tried to call Vida Blue "True." One wonders if Finley occasionally signs players primarily for their names: two of the farmhands the A's recently called up from the minors are Guylen Pitts and Charlie Chant.

Just across the Bay from Finley in San Francisco, there is a player Charlie must covet. Pitcher John Montefusco of the Giants is both talented and garrulous, a combination that inevitably recalls Dizzy Dean. Add to that a current dispute over the proper pronunciation of the San Francisco pitcher's last name and one recalls the ancient question of whether Darryl's given names were Jerome Herman or Jay Hanna. On a recent NBC Game of the Week broadcast over national TV, Joe Garagiola pronounced the name "Monte-fuss-co," which annoyed some Italian-American residents of San Francisco's North Beach who felt that,

of all people, a Garagiola should know that the name is properly pronounced "Monte-fuss-co." There is a new TV show called *The Montefuscos* (which lends a bit more to the young pitcher's publicity harvest); the TV people also say "fuss" instead of "fuss."

However, just to complicate things, John, a native of New Jersey, calls himself "Monte-few-seo," a pronunciation that is simply wrong by Italian standards. Still, a man has the right to pronounce his name the way he wants. San Francisco fans, who are happy just to have a player they can talk about, tend to ignore the whole issue by referring to their rising young star as The Count of Monte Finco.

As Dean used to say, "It gives the fellers in the press box somethin' to write about." Thank you, Diz. Thank you, Count.

WEARY BLUES

One graphic difference between college and pro football was made clear the other day by Roosevelt Leaks, the University of Texas star who is now a rookie running back with the Baltimore Colts.

"We've worked every day for seven weeks," Leaks said with some awe. "In college that would put us at about mid-season, but we haven't played a league game yet. I'm still a rookie, but I'll probably feel like a second-year man by the time the season starts."

"In college I used to get tired of football toward the end of the season. Up here, I guess I'll just have to get tireder."

THEY SAID IT

- Tom Lovat, Utah football coach, about his 1-10 season in 1974. "Last night I sat down and tried to think about all the highlights from last year and I fell asleep."

- Blaze Starr, Baltimore's exotic dancer, after rejecting a plea to streak on a horse at Pimlico: "It was a long shot, and it wasn't wearing blinkers."

- Owen Sheridan, head groundskeeper at the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills for 43 years, on the change from grass to clay-type courts: "I was sorry to see the grass go. Me and it sort of grew up together."

- Bob Gibson, St. Louis Cardinal pitching star, on autograph hounds: "Sometimes I sign autographs, sometimes I don't. Personally, I think anyone who saves autographs is crazy."

END

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Sports Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 15, 1976

TWO EARS FOR



MANUELITO

Olés rang out at Forest Hills for Manuel Orantes, a clever little Spaniard who brought Jimmy Connors to his knees and triumphed in the Open by JOE JARES



Forest Hills. Say it again. Forest Hills. The very name conjures up bluebirds and lush green groves. But during the past fortnight the sylvan image was blurred, lost in the dust of Har-Tru. There's nothing wrong with Har-Tru, mind you, if you enjoy long rallies, but the slow surface is not suited to the American men's serve-and-volley style. Har-Tru, a claylike surface, is, however, adored by baseline ralliers from Europe and South America.

Digging up the grass and replacing it with grayish-green crushed rock (Catoctin metabasalt to all you geology freaks) was a move akin to a baseball team loaded with sluggers deciding to move its fences out 30 yards. There were American pessimists who thought it likely that not a single Yank would reach the quarterfinals. And it was *Bad Days at Green Rock* for most U.S. players.

Out of 46 in the original draw, only four made it to the fourth round, but one of those was Jimmy Connors, who turned 23 on the tournament's seventh



Orantes' forehand was gentle but incisive.



Connors' power was blunted by Har-Tru.

day, and Connors claims he can play on any surface, including dried yak dung. The other three Americans—Arthur Ashe, Eddie Dibbs and Harold Solomon—were gone by the semis. Connors, the No. 1 seed, fought his way into the final, where he met Spain's Manuel Orantes, 26, winner of seven tournaments in 1975, the best year of his career.

Although Orantes was the third seed and an acknowledged artist on clay, almost nobody gave him a prayer against Connors. Not only had the Spaniard played a physically and mentally exhausting five-set four-hour semifinal against Guillermo Vilas of Argentina the night before, but he did not get back to his hotel until 2 a.m. and had to call a plumber to fix a flooding bathtub. Connors was the defending champion. Orantes had never won a major championship. Only one European had won Forest Hills since World War II, Spaniard Manuel Santana in 1965.

None of this seemed to trouble Orantes, who walked onto the stadium court as cool as a bowl of *gazpacho* and

continues

seemingly as fresh as if he had enjoyed a restful night in his own bed in Barcelona. Just as Ashe had done at Wimbledon, Orantes refused to try matching Connors' power. Instead he lofted uncanny lobs, hit soft passing shots and tempted his opponent with short balls that the overanxious Connors clubbed time after time into the net. Orantes won in straight sets 6-4, 6-3, 6-3. The \$25,000 first prize lifted his 1975 tournament earnings to \$130,650.

The iron-man routine was not his first of the year. At Hamburg he beat Ilie Nastase 7-5 in the fifth set in the semis and the next day had to play two doubles matches plus a five-setter against Jan Kodes, which he won.

"He played unbelievable," said Connors. "I didn't believe that it would be possible for him to hit passing shots and play like he did all the way through. But unfortunately for me, he did." And unfortunately for Connors, the match was played on Orantes' best-loved surface. The crushed rock not only altered the probable order of finish, it also altered the atmosphere of Forest Hills.

It used to be that in the early rounds a fan could leave the concrete stadium and wander from court to court over most of West Side's 10.5 acres, watching, perhaps, a young Yugoslav play a crafty old Dane for a game or two, and then move on. After a long afternoon of such meandering, he could, if he were a member or guest, stroll to the clubhouse, buy a drink and sit on the terrace watching a match on the clubhouse court, the panorama of grass courts before him.

Those days are probably gone forever. The for-members-only courts nearest the clubhouse are still grass. The crushed-rock courts are mostly crammed in down by the stadium and, with 107,061 in attendance during the first eight day sessions, it was difficult to get through aisles, much less find a seat or a place at a fence. In addition, Forest Hills staged its first night matches, under four light towers that burned 72,000 watts.

Orantes, a smiling, modest fellow who was born in Granada and at age 10 was a ball boy at a club called La Salud de Barcelona, outshone those 72,000 watts in the best match of the tournament, perhaps the match of the year or the decade. It came in the Saturday semifinals, Orantes vs. Vilas of Mar del Plata. Vilas, 23, is a chunky ex-law student whose dark hair flows over his shoulders.



Bjorn Borg was the only righthander to reach the semis, where he was defeated by Connors.

He writes poetry and hopes to have a book of 41 of his poems published in his native country. Its title is 125, which he won't explain, saying, "When you write a book and it is published, it doesn't belong to you anymore. I want to keep something for myself." There was speculation among his opponents at Forest Hills that it stood for the revolutions-per-second of his topspin backhand.

A fine clay-court player and seeded No. 2, Vilas raced through his early-round opponents. In the first three matches he defeated two fellow South Americans, Hans Gildemeister of Chile and Alvaro Betancur of Colombia, and a good American, Dick Stockton, while losing just 11 games in six sets. In the

fourth round he annihilated Kodes 6-2, 6-0, 6-0. In the quarterfinals, Jaime Fillof of Chile managed to win five games.

Spectators in the stadium had already been through a long day of long Harty rallies when Vilas and Orantes took the court early Saturday evening. Vilas seemed determined to get everybody home in time for a late supper, winning the first two sets easily. Orantes made a bit of a comeback to win the third set 6-2, but when he fell behind 5-0 in the fourth and had match point against him on his own serve, he not only had his back against the wall, but the firing squad had already squeezed the triggers.

It was then that the Spaniard started one of the most dramatic comebacks in

tennis history, the sort of heroics for which *El Mando Deportivo* in Barcelona had been saving its biggest headline type. Orantes survived three match points on his serve, but when Vilas, now leading 5-1, got to 40-15 on his serve, Orantes had to be dead. Two more match points was like giving the firing squad another round of ammunition. But a backhand down the line and a backhand volley, and Orantes was somehow still alive, in fact not even grazed. Orantes broke Vilas easily the next time and kept rolling until he had won seven games in a row and evened the sets at two apiece.

At that moment, thoughts of Paris must have been running through both players' minds, thoughts of the red-clay courts in Stade Roland Garros in 1974. In the third round of that tournament Vilas had led Orantes two sets to love and had had match point in the third—and lost. In the final Orantes had led Bjorn Borg two sets to love—and lost.

In this fifth set Vilas continued to play too cautiously and Orantes continued to place lobs two inches from the baseline whenever Vilas dared approach the net. Avoiding a complete collapse, Vilas broke to even the set at 4-4, but Orantes, again using his lob, broke to lead 5-4 and held serve to win 4-6, 1-6, 6-2, 7-5, 6-4. It had been three hours and 44 minutes since the match had started and all the 75¢ hot dogs had long since been sold and devoured by the almost 3,000 hardcore fans who had hung on.

In the locker room afterward reporters were kept away from Vilas by a coterie of his friends. Ex-Rumanian Davis Cup player Ion Tiriac, Vilas' unofficial mentor and doubles partner, said that Vilas had aggravated a groin injury at the end of the third set.

Connors' path to the final was not nearly so theatrical. An international cast of supporting players—Geoff Masters of Australia, Great Britain's Roger Taylor, France's Georges Goven, Rhodesia's Andrew Pattison—fell in straight sets, as did Sweden's Bjorn Borg in the semis. The one set Connors lost was to fellow American Harold Solomon, of Silver Spring, Md. and Rice University, a man with a two-handed backhand and a greater love for clay than any sculptor.

"Bring your sunglasses, moonglasses, beer," Connors had warned. "We're going to be out there a long time."

The match really did not take long and few thought Connors was in any great

danger when he lost the third set 7-5. Borg figured to be a stiffer test and, as usual for an important Borg match, a direct play-by-play account was broadcast over one of the three national radio stations in Sweden (Close to a million Swedes stayed up from one to six in the morning last year to hear Borg play in the Commercial Union Masters in Australia. "They scream if we don't schedule Borg's major matches," said a Swedish radio official. "Borg's the biggest draw on our special-events budget.") Connors won by the symmetrical score of 7-5, 7-5, 7-5 and he might have been

even more convincing had he not hit innumerable forehand approach shots into the net.

Connors' coach, Pancho Segura, was on hand to give pointers to his friend. "Jeemy's got to be more patient on this clay than he was on grass last year," he said. "And the clay takes away more from his return of serve. That's what put pressure on the other guy's serve. But one thing about this boy, he raises up for a championship. He's a Sunday player."

Orantes, too, has proved himself to be a Sunday player, at least this year. He used to have a reputation as a loser of

continued

Guillermo Vilas tried to get fans home for supper, but Orantes kept them out until 10:30 p.m.



big matches, even though he was an outstanding junior player (Wimbledon junior champion, the first unseeded player in 17 years to win the Orange Bowl tournament, a member of Spain's Davis Cup team at 18) and won the Italian and West German Opens in 1972. To the tennis public outside of clay-bound Europe, he was just another good clay-courtier à la Jauffret of France or Panatta of Italy. Orantes himself admits that his label as a big-match loser was somewhat justified.

One thing holding him back, apart from the annoying grass blades at Wimbledon and Forest Hills, was a perpetually sore back. Last winter he took time off from the international tennis circuit and went home to Barcelona. The trainer for one of the soccer clubs there worked on his back and gave him a set of exercises which he still does every day. He has had no back problems since, and as his aches diminished, his bank account swelled.

Before beating Ilie Nastase in the Forest Hills quarters, Orantes had used his stylish strokes and superb composure to defeat Bernie Mitton of South Africa, Sashi Menon of India, Hans Pohmann of West Germany and Francois Jauffret of France. Almost always he was smiling, even as he saluted opponents for good shots.

When the grand finale started, it looked as if Orantes was in over his head. Connors broke him at love and held easily for a 2-0 lead, but from then on the Spaniard was at least his equal and often his master. Perhaps spurred on by a Latin rooting section (most of them Mexicans who had come to Forest Hills to back Ramirez), Orantes broke back in the fourth game to even the set and broke again in the 10th to win 6-4. In the second and third sets Connors never got a break ahead. He was always chasing down lobes and struggling to stay even.

At the second match point in the third set, Connors serving, Orantes hit a forehand winner down the line. He sank to his knees on the Har-Tru and threw up both arms. After shaking hands with Connors he hurried to a courtyard box to kiss his wife Virginia, and they were mobbed by photographers.

"Manuelito," the "little Manuel" of Spanish tennis, had his first major title at last. Jimmy Connors, like the 14 Forest Hills champions before him, had failed to defend.

A BIG HOME VICTORY AT LAST

If it seems an eternity since she rode in *National Velvet* across the silver screen and sang *On the Good Ship Lollipop* over the airwaves, it is probably because, like few little girls before her, Christine Marie Evert grew up with most of America watching.

In truth, she has been on the tennis scene for just four years and she had never won the championship of her own country—never even made the *finals* of the U.S. Open, mind you. Nonetheless, what Evert always has had is timing. For better or worse, she was able to tack her hair ribbons and lipsticks and double-fisted backhands into the tennis boom and emerge like the glittering prize in a Cracker Jack box.

She was a flat-out, full-blown international celeb at 16. Her game was dissected by scientists, her clothes and hair subject to the catty chatter of the country club, her romance on all the talk shows. She was dragged through the publicity mills without surcease.

Though such notoriety has damaged other damsels of similar precocity, Chris Evert survived by closing herself off, withdrawing behind a poker face and turning into "the ice maiden."

By last week all that had changed. Away from parental embrace, more mature now, open, *real*—with her boyfriend, Jimmy Connors, back and doing neat things like kissing her in public—Evert won the one championship that had eluded her for a lifetime. She won Forest Hills. After which, she threw her racket in the air and did a little crying Chris Evert is, after all, 20. Whee!

Evert's victory was not totally unexpected. When the West Side Tennis Club was converted from grass to clay composition, she was automatically conceded the title. Over the past two years she had won 78 straight matches in 16 tournaments on clay surfaces, losing only five sets. Moreover, in the week preceding the Open, Evert had ripped through a tournament in Rye, N.Y., defeating the estimable Virginia Wade in the final, 6-0, 6-1, while giving up only 15 points in the first 11 games. If that wasn't enough warning, when the real thing began, Evert bludgeoned her way through the first four rounds at Forest Hills, losing only eight games in eight sets as opponents moaned about her "clay invincibility."

After a while this kind of wailing got



Evert struggled from behind and won out.

to Evert. "It's pleasant to read that I'm unbeatable on clay," she said, "for about 10 seconds. Then I realize that what it means is if I don't win I should be ashamed of myself. I won't be shocked if I lose. I *can* play badly."

Evert was asked to recall the last time she played badly on clay. She thought for a long time. "Gee, you ask tough questions," she said.

Because her game is based on consistency, patience and faultless ground strokes, Evert's talent is seldom given proper due. She is called dull, boring, slow. But what she is, above all, is an incredibly hard worker whose sense of anticipation is unmatched. As Pat Hogan says, "Chris runs to the ball just before you've figured where to hit it."

Billie Jean King speaks of Evert's "relentlessness"; Julie Heldman, of her "great hands." Chris gets back so early on preparation that even on a bad bounce her hands can handle it and pull off a winner.

"She is not your basic jumping, dancing natural athlete," Heldman says, "but she has plugged away to develop the best shots in the game and avoid anything out of her capability. She's boring not because she wins so often but because she wins so *perfectly*!"

Françoise Durr, the Frenchwoman, concurs. "What can one do?" she asks.

"Billie Jean, she can be very good, then not so good. Evonne can be good, then awful. But ah, that Chris. Nobody ne-va-er saw her bad. Nobody ne-va-er saw her progress. She *always* zat good."

Last Friday when Evert reached the semifinals, she found her doubles partner waiting for her, Martina Navratilova, the 18-year-old bouncing Czech, is one of the few women whose goal is to get more than a few points off Evert. A losing finalist on the clay of Paris, Rome and Amelia Island, the aggressive Navratilova presumed that if her approaches held up, she could win "with my wolley game." Her approaches did hold up, but her concentration didn't.

Evert's 6-4, 6-4 victory turned on two controversial calls, the first in the opening set when, with Evert serving at 4-3 and 15-40, Navratilova became upset during a replayed point and hit four careless shots to lose the game and a chance to tie the set.

The final disaster, however, came in the eighth game of the second set when Evert made a fine get and lofted a winning lob to the baseline that Navratilova insisted was out. She did a lot of howling and arm waving, after which she slammed her racket to the ground and lost the last 10 points of the match as the tears flowed.

"I'm just not ready psychologically," Navratilova said.

The next day Navratilova announced she was seeking political asylum in the U.S. "for tennis reasons rather than political ones. My federation doesn't let me play enough tennis. They say I am too Americanized." The Czech girl added that she would like to live in Los Angeles and hoped someday to become an American citizen.

Normally, Evert can count on some sort of mental advantage, but against Evonne Goolagong the psych edge is on the other side of the net.

Before their final, much was made of Evert's 6-2 clay court record against her opponent (11-9 on all surfaces) and that in their last encounter Evert destroyed Goolagong 6-1, 6-1. But that came during a period when the blithe Aborigine was firing her coach and hiring a husband. The new Mrs. Cawley went on to tear up World Team Tennis. Then, too, she is the last woman to beat Evert on clay. (1973, August, Cincinnati. Mark it down. A monument may be built.)

Regulars on the women's tour say Evert is tentative against Goolagong in the way everybody else is tentative against Evert. Indeed, as the former wonder children met in their most important confrontation, Evert seemed reluctant to hit all out, relying more on soft, looping shots and abandoning her baseline preserve to come to net on occasion. Goolagong elected to stay back and won the first set 7-5 with a marvelous backhand pass.

Early in the second set the pattern held as Goolagong continued to out-steady Evert. But slowly, almost imperceptibly, the current shifted the other way. "It felt a bit monotonous. I was just getting tensed out," Goolagong was to say later.

Staying back, Evert started hitting harder, with more length and angles. She got stronger on serve, winning the fifth game at 15, the seventh at love, the ninth at 15. Goolagong was obviously tiring on the forehand and, serving in the 10th game, she made four errors to lose the set 6-4.

The first four games of the final set went against serve, but Evert was stealing herself now and Goolagong continued on the suicidal course of sparring from long range. Evert finally held serve for a 3-2 lead, then in the sixth game altered strategy and went to the net twice to win two points, getting the crucial break on an overhead, double-handed, lunging semi-smash off the backhand



Navratilova lost the set and crashed out.

side. She ran off the next two games with the loss of only one point, and won the match 5-7, 6-4, 6-2.

"Winning Wimbledon was great, but England is foreign to me," Evert said later. "This is better. This is home."

Ah, that Chris. Nobody ne-va-er heard her bad.

—CURRY KIRKPATRICK



Her forehand weakened in the second set, and in the last Goolagong got "tensed out."

GOING OFF THE ROAD AND INTO THE ACT

Rolling in from the desert, the racers staged a championship right there—and right up there—where everybody could see them by SAM MOSES

Pay no heed to those folks who say they have seen the Baja 1,000, that celebrated off-road race that meanders down into Mexico. They haven't, really. One does not "see" the Baja or any other off-road race any more than one sees a speeding bullet. What a spectator actually catches is the start or the finish. Because of the setting, the middle part has always been played before an audience of jackrabbits, rattlers and a vulture or two. In its long and bouncy history, off-road racing has been a lonely game. But last week all that changed.

An outfit called SCORE International, the major sanctioning body of off-road racing, staged something called the \$182,500 AC-Delco World Championships of Off-Road Racing on a 3.5-mile course carved in and around California's Riverside International Raceway. And

41,500 people sure enough watched the whole thing from start to finish from comfortable seats in the grandstands, complete with hot dogs and popcorn and beer.

The field included an assortment of desert buggies, pickup trucks, motorcycles, Jeeps, Broncos, Volkswagens and other breeds in all degrees of mutation, and the vehicles spent much of the weekend sideways, airborne, bouncing on their front wheels or upside down, not necessarily in that order. The drivers are so cool about rolling or "tipping over," as they call it, that they talk about downshifting in mid-roll, so that if they land on their wheels they can keep racing without missing a beat.

Off-road racing before a live audience is the actual brainstorm of Mickey Thompson. That's the Mickey Thompson of the ducktail haircut and Little Deuce Coupe days, a racing notable who has spent the last couple of decades hot-rodding around in everything from drag boats to Bonneville Salt Flats streamliners. Thompson founded SCORE (Short Course Off-Road Events) three years ago and recently, satisfied with the rapid rise of the sport, resigned as president. His letter of resignation went something like this: "You guys run SCORE, I'm going racing."

Now Mickey is again a gentleman racer of sorts, in the game just for fun. Just for fun he drives a Chevy pickup named Luv, with a monstrous 454 cu. in. Chevy V-8 stuffed in the bed. When Mickey Thompson gets into something, he gets into it with both lead feet.

Thompson also designed much of the Riverside off-road track, and the best part was named after him. Thompson Ridge is a 21-degree banked hill; the vehicles boom across the side of it. The most spectacular driver on Thompson



Ridge was Walker Evans, who wheels a yellow 350 hp Chevy Silverado pickup owned and prepared by Parnelli Jones. Evans describes Thompson Ridge succinctly: "Dang, that's a real son of a gun."

Evans is an honors graduate of the Parnelli Jones School of Courageous Driving. In the 1973 Baja 1,000 he finished second, after driving the final 250 miles with the cab falling off his Ford pickup and the steering column going with it. Evans kept everything together with his knees and elbows, expecting with every twist of the steering wheel to find it connected only to his hands. This was during the night at 125 mph, in the thickest fog the Baja 1,000 has ever had. "My co-driver was a bit concerned," he says.

The pickup-truck races at Riverside were the most spectacular; the trucks are not faster but they're bigger and louder than anything else. Some of them weigh as much as three tons, and when they land after a jump at 50 mph the earth shakes and the aftershock can be felt all the way back to Row Z up in the grandstands. They take up so much room on the track that every pass is a tight one; their fenders get hooked on each other and dis-



Sailing for home, and saving wear and tear on tires, Ragar Meers wins the buggy class.



appear like tearaway football jerseys.

In his heat race on Saturday, Evans started seventh on the grid, but by the end of the first lap he was leading the pack by nine seconds. He won easily, thus gaining the pole position for Sunday's main event, in which he chewed up the competition even more convincingly.

"This is a stock vehicle," Evans said with a straight face after the race. He pointed at his \$30,000 truck, which is outfitted with 14 shock absorbers but is still about a ton lighter than some of the others in the same class. This is not to suggest that Evans' truck is anything but legal; a SCORE stock truck is about as showroom stock as Richard Petty's Dodge. "It's not like Mickey's Luv," said Evans. "Mickey's probably got more money in his truck, but I wouldn't trade him even-up. I would like to race him in a match race for about \$1,000, though."

Thompson might well have granted Evans his wish had he heard the suggestion. "I'm not like most of these other guys," Thompson said. "Their problem is how to go faster, my problem is how to get myself to slow down." He has a point. In the two classes he entered,

Winner Walker Evans shot his little pickup into the air and it came to earth in the lead.

Thompson drove the wheels and tails off his vehicles. He started his truck in the 38th grid position in his heat and passed 25 vehicles on the first lap. On the second lap the rear end blew. So in the main event Thompson had to start dead last, but again, it didn't matter. He made his usual full-bore rush for four laps—and the rear end blew again.

In the "workingman's class," which is for stone-stock Volkswagen sedans, Thompson started 14th, spun out on the first lap, somehow still managed to pass everyone by the end of the second lap—and won the heat going away. The main event was run after dark on Saturday, and the maladroit VWs added some comic relief to the evening. One bug lost all its lights but one spot on the roof, which made it look like a giant runaway miner's helmet with a racing stripe. Thompson's drive was just as Keystone Koppish. His left front wheel fell off twice and both times he jumped out, picked it up, threw it into the car and crunched back to the pits on three wheels. Those two pit stops cost him a lap, but he unlappped

himself and sped back into second place. On the last lap the left rear wheel rolled away in front of the Turn Six grandstands, and although he retrieved the wheel, with the crowd cheering him loudly, he was not in time to finish the race. Former Baja 1,000 winner John Johnson won in a 1967 model, but, like Thompson, he had to listen to grumbles from other drivers that he was a "ringer," because the class was designed for novices.

The fastest event for four-wheeled vehicles was the race for single-seat desert buggies with unlimited engine displacement. Among the hot machines, a favorite was a sleek silver Sandmaster with a 2,180 cc. VW racing engine, driven by Bobby Ferro, a 28-year-old with natural Harpo Marx hair. Ferro is a former motorcycle desert champion, a movie stuntman, a war hero, a sometime Formula 5,000 driver, a regular sprint-car driver and an Indy hopeful. He also is the best off-road racer in the world, having won 31 races, a whole lot more than anyone else.

Ferro drew the pole position for his heat, which helped him to an easy 22-second victory. Last year's winner in the class, Roger Mears, started 45th and had to claw through the mud and dust for a fourth in the heat. That put him in row two for the start of the main event, and right away he made life miserable for Ferro. A high-line on Thompson Ridge paid off, plus a facile line through traffic, and when it was all over Mears had won by 27 seconds, averaging 52.03 mph.

But the fastest man of the day, at an average of 55.67 mph, was motorcyclist Mitch Mayes, who led all the two-wheelers home. They were a rough breed. As fierce a competitor as Mayes was Rocket Rex Staten, who noted that "I had a few small problems earlier this year. I kept breaking my ankles because the footpegs didn't fit me, or something."

His ankles were healed, but he rode in a cast that held a freshly broken left wrist together. And it was his first big off-road race.

"I like this off-road racing," he said. "I think I might do more of it. I just hope the rest of these courses aren't this easy."

Fortunately, Mickey Thompson was not around to hear that statement. If he had been, he would have rolled over. In his pickup truck, of course. **END**

TOM SWIFT AND HIS SKY MACHINE

It was up, up and away for the Mets' wondrous fastballer but, except for a rookie who was flexing his wings, the rest of the Amazins seemed prone to await a miracle. As Pittsburgh pressed on, they needed one **by RAY KENNEDY**

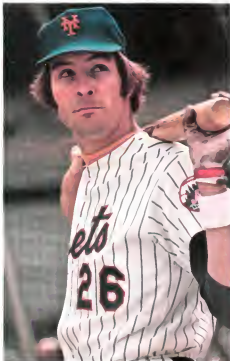
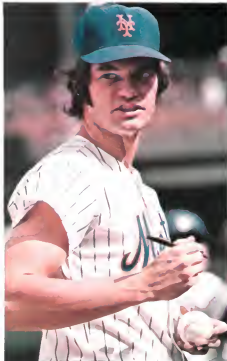
September?" said Tom Seaver, tucking another chew of tobacco into his cheek. "September is tabismunferbal," he said, turning to spit a mouthful of juice into a waste can. "Excuse me. September is the best month for baseball. If . . ." he paused to gaze pensively at his fellow New York Mets limbering up in the clubhouse. "If there is . . ." he began again, only to be drowned out by the rhythmic chants of his teammates doing jumping jacks. "If there's a pennant race!" Seaver shouted above the din.

We hear you, Tom, we hear you. Trouble was, no one seemed to be getting the message last week. It kept getting garbled or interrupted or something. September? A pennant race? Well, let's see. As of Monday morning Sept. 1, the Boston Red Sox were leading the Baltimore Orioles by six games in the American League East. Nothing too nip-and-tuck there. In the AL West there were the Oakland A's again, fooling around with a 7½-game lead over the Kansas City Royals while waiting to pick up their World Se-

ries checks. As for the National League West, forget it; 18½ games in front of the hapless Los Angeles Dodgers, the Cincinnati Reds could be charged with leaving the scene of an accident.

That left only the NL East, the volatile NL East where the Pittsburgh Pirates have been performing erratically enough this season to give their four-game lead over the St. Louis Cardinals and the Philadelphia Phillies an aura of the precarious. Toss in the unpredictable Mets, just five games off the pace, and

Fledgling Mike Vail, a happy refugee from the St. Louis farm system, signed bats and smote 'em. For his part Dave Kingman Kanged homer No. 23.



with a little imagination one could see the makings of a good old-fashioned brawl.

In fact, if any team seemed capable of proving that September is the best month for baseball it would have to be the Mets, if only because they have won the pennant twice before in miraculous fashion. "We didn't say quit when we were behind in '69 and '73," said Bud Harrelson, returning to the Met lineup last week after being out three months with an injured knee. "Those are living examples of what can happen, and we lived through them."

If lightning were to strike thrice, it would have to be sparked by a team that is substantially different from the lovable Amazons who seemed to come toddling right out of the incubator to win the 1969 World Series. Indeed, after a winter of heavy trading, the 1975 Mets could not even be mistaken for the brash upstarts who pestered the A's all the way through the seventh game of the 1973 Series.

Cenzer field, for example, is now the province of Del Unser, a reliable hand who just may be, with the possible exception of Tommie Agee, the best of the 42 other aspirants who have tried and faltered at that position for the Mets.

And there is no overlooking 6'6" Dave Kingman, that prodigious hitter who is the first genuine long-ball threat the Mets have had in more than a decade. "I find it hard to believe the opportunities that abound in New York," says Sky King, slightly overcome by the free-swinging bliss of it all after being unhappily shackled to the San Francisco Giants for four years. "I feel needed here."

There have been pleasant surprises, too. Ed Kranepool, who joined the original Met team as an 18-year-old wonder in 1962, is having his best half-season—he hits almost solely against right-handers—with an average that has placed him among the league leaders.

And what contender could not use a spanking new prodigy to brighten up its pennant hopes? The Mets are certain they have one in 23-year-old Mike Vail, who was brought up in mid-August when Kingman sprained a toe. Thrown into the breach in left field, Vail responded by hitting .370 the first two weeks and has yet to cool off. Vail, who was leading the In-



Seaver pitched his 26th victory, in which he reached 266 strikeouts for a record eighth year.

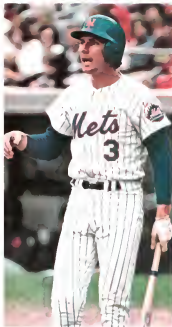
ternational League with a .342 average when summoned, says the majors have been an eye-opening experience. "I can see!" he exclaims, sounding like a Billy Sunday convert. "They told me it was a lot easier to hit in the majors because of the great lighting. But I never dreamed you could see this well. You can see the spin on the curveball and everything."

Met fans are not sure what they are seeing these days. The new faces, the home runs, the altogether serious mien of these older guys calling themselves the Mets—it is all a bit disorienting for the faithful who doted on those improbable babes of summers past. Why, this team does not even have a rallying cry. Re-

liever Tug McGraw took the best one—"Ya gotta believe!"—the one that won over an entire city in 1973, with him to Philadelphia this year.

"There's really not that much you can yell and scream about," says Rusty Staub, who can afford to sound grown up now that he is fourth in the league with 93 runs batted in. "Tug was good print but one or two guys yelling is not what the Mets are all about. We are professionals." "It's true," says Seaver, sounding very much like the 30-year-old, nine-year veteran that he is. "Tug had a certain kind of boyish enthusiasm, but that same approach when you lost was irritating. Back in '69 we had the talent

continued



without the experience. Now we have both and there is no clowning around, just more of an overall professional effort."

Somehow an executive in spikes is not quite as endearing an image as the toddler with an oversized bat that is still used to depict the Mets by cartoonists. "Nobody laughs much about the Mets now," says *The New York Times'* Dave Anderson. "As a teenager, the franchise is sophisticated, spoiled and smug, the way some rich kids are." That is a bit strong, but there is no denying that Met attendance has dwindled from a high of 2.7 million in the heady aftermath of 1969 to a projected 1.8 million this season.

That was perhaps as inevitable as last month's dismissal of Manager Yogi Berra. While he lasted, Yogi was always good for a snappy quote or two, like his deathless, "You're never out of it until you're out of it."

But one-liners are no longer the style. Reflecting the new tight-lipped approach, rookie General Manager Joe McDonald appointed Met Coach Roy McMillan as the rookie interim manager, explaining that "I prefer the strong, silent type, a man who creates respect." McMillan, a sober-sided Texan and former shortstop for the Reds as well as the Mets, "doesn't say much," says 34-year-old Third Baseman Joe Torre, late of the Cardinals, "but he knows baseball. There's more going on in his mind than comes out."

What came out last week was the straightif obvious truth: "How well we do in September depends on how well the big three does." Indeed, wizened teenagers or not, the Mets still retain what has always been their single most distinguishing trait, overpowering good pitching. That is why McMillan shuffled the rotation so that he would lead off the crucial first week, which pitted the Mets against the Pirates and the Cardinals in a pair of three-game series, with his three premier starters—Seaver, Jerry Koosman and Jon Matlack—hurting two games apiece.

Going into September the trio seemed more indomitable than ever. Seaver was working on a five-game winning streak and was, according to McMillan, "throwing better than he ever has." Mat-

lack, 16-11, had not lost a game in six weeks. And Koosman, 11-11, held the promise that he would repeat as the best stretch pitcher the Mets have had in their pennant years. In 1969, when the Mets began their dramatic drive in mid-August, Koosman was 9-8 and then went 8-1 the rest of the way. In 1973, when the Mets leaped from last place to first in September, Koosman was 8-14 at the start and 6-1 the rest of the way. A cool-weather pitcher, Koosman allowed that all he had to do was "get the adrenaline flowing right away."

The week began auspiciously for the Mets. Mike Vail celebrated his first time at bat in Shea Stadium by hitting a home run off the Pirates' John Candelaria in the first inning. As Vail toured the bases, Koosman turned to Seaver in the dug-out and said, "Well, there's your run."

Although the Mets added two more, Seaver needed none but the first as he held the Pirates to four hits to win 3-0 and become the league's first 20-game winner. Along the way he established another first—the special kind "that you step out of the game for a minute and let yourself appreciate." It came in the seventh inning when Seaver blew three fastballs by Manny Sanguillen and then walked off the mound to the standing ovation of a crowd of 45,991.

The scoreboard said it all. TOM SEAVER NOW HAS 200 STRIKEOUTS FOR THE SEASON AND HE'S NOW FIRST PITCHER IN BASEBALL HISTORY TO FAN 200 OR MORE EIGHT STRAIGHT YEARS.

Well, almost all. Reflecting on the record that had stood since the heydays of Ruhe Waddell and Walter Johnson, the man they call the Franchise allowed that "considering everything, this might be my biggest day—the 20th game, the 200 strikeouts and shutting out the Pirates in a pennant race." Then, hoisting a champagne toast with Catcher Jerry Grote, Seaver said, "To Cincinnati in October."

Those bright hopes evaporated as fast as the bubbly. The next night Koosman's adrenaline was flowing but so was the Pirates' as they routed the Met left-hander after 3½ innings to win 8-4. "Honest, I swear to God," an exasperated Koosman said, "I went out there for the second time in my career with great stuff and got ripped. The first time was in 1968 against the Reds."

Pittsburgh's Bill Robinson, a recent emigré from the Phillies who hit a long

roadshow

McMillan's managing was strong and silent, Harrison's anti-deflation, strongly vocal.

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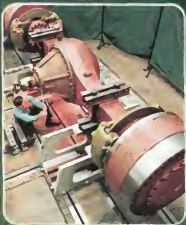
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home run off Koosman, reiterated the Pirraie philosophy: "On this club," he said, "you just go up there and swing as hard as you want as often as you want. Just go up and screw that helmet on and swing from the behind."

Swing he did, connecting for a home run off Matlack the next night to lead Pittsburgh to a 3-1 victory. "When I came up in the seventh I told Jim Rooker I was going to boogie," said Robinson. "That means I knew I was going to hit that homer." The only thing Matlack knew was that the loss dropped the Mets six games behind the Pirates. "How black is black?" he said.

But then came St. Louis and there went Seaver again, pitching with three days' rest, striking out seven to pick up his 21st win with a big assist from Bob Apodaca, who relieved in the seventh to preserve a 5-2 Met victory. Poling his second homer in three games, Kingman became the first Met to hit 30 homers in a season since Frank Thomas did it for the original 1962 team.

Vail also hit his second home run of the week, a two-run drive that boosted his average to .379 and marked the 12th straight game in which he had hit safely. For Vail the homer was also a retaliatory back-of-the-hand for the five years he languished in the Cardinal farm system. "That homer was really gratifying," he said. "A special feeling. When I was in the Cardinal system, I hit well but they still wouldn't even invite me to spring training. It was disheartening. I never got the chance I knew I should have gotten."

Koosman got his chance with the Cardinals and he wished he hadn't. In a disastrous first inning that was marred by walks, a wild pitch and errors—one of the most costly committed by Vail, who seems as alien to left field as he is at home at the plate—the Cardinals scored four runs and went on to win 6-3. On Sunday, Matlack, exploring deeper shades of black, was routed by the Cards 12-4.

And so on the last day of the first week of the best month in baseball, Pittsburgh was still firmly in command, with St. Louis trailing by 5½ games, Philadelphia by 7 and New York by 7½. With only 21 games remaining the Mets as well as the other contenders would have to get cracking or this would be one of those rare Septembers without a pennant race. Or as Yogi might say, you can't be out of it until you're in.

END

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'THERE AIN'T NO OTHERS LIKE ME'

Up from the gutter and reaching for stars comes ex-convict Don King, cast in the flamboyant mold of P. T. Barnum and Tex Rickard
by **MARK KRAM**

Space is not space between the earth and the sun to one who looks down from the windows of the Milky Way." He pulls on a Montecruz Supreme, releasing a smoke ring that flutters above his head like a broken halo. "It was but yesterday I thought myself a fragment quivering without rhythm in the sphere of life. Now I know that I am the sphere, and all life in rhythmic fragments moves within me." Having rid himself of these thoughts, the big man, the main man, the "impresario of the Third World" (name him, and you can have him, say his critics) turns and booms, his voice ripping across the skyline of Manhattan, "Yes, I do have an ego! I am an ego! I am!" Then, humbly, he adds, "But no man is an island, ya deeg?"

One could swear he hears the world sigh with relief, so glad it is that the orator admits to being human. "I am quintessential!" he begins again. He does not say of what he is quintessential, and it does not matter, his eyes seem to say; the word fits his mood. Words are always hovering above anyone who happens to be within ocean's distance of Don King, words fluttering in the air like crazed bats. But nobody waits for the next word, his next sentence of impeccable incoherence. They wait for his next move, that next gale of a gamble that knocks reason senseless and has powered him in a few short years from a busted-out life to the summit of his business—which you can also have if you can name it.

Call him a boxing promoter, but that does not explain what he does; it only gives him a label. Nobody knows exactly what he does or how he does it, and his adversaries, who underestimated him so badly, now flinch at the sound of his impact. The clattering telex in his office tells much more: Baby Doc Duvalier, the

president for life, hopes that King can visit Haiti to discuss a situation of mutual interest; a spokesman for President Mobutu Sese Seko of Zaïre has shown much interest in King's idea for a future project. King does not deal much with private capital, he works with governments, Third World countries whose rulers find King to be a useful catalyst. He says, "Henry Kissinger can't get in the places I can."

The power of the world, says King, "is slowly shifting, and you don't have to be no prophet like . . . who was that old dude? Yeah, Nostradeemuss. It's right in front of your nose, if you wanna look. But I don't care about politics. Just call me a promoter. Not the first black one. Not the first green one. But *there* promoter, Jack. There ain't no others, 'cause they've only had three in the history of the world: P. T. Barnum, Mike Todd, and you are lookin' at the third. Nobody kin deny it. They mock me at their peril."

Some do, though—with passion. They look upon him as a blowhard, a mountebank—and look at the way he dresses, like an M.C. in a cheap nightclub. "Just an uppity nigger, right?" says King. But the facts bite back in his defense: he has raised \$35 million in less than a year for his boxing spectaculars; he has made more money for Muhammad Ali "than Ali done in all his previous fights in his whole career." With the Ali-Forreman fight—and for only \$14 million ("most of which they got back")—he brought "dignity and recognition and solidarity" to Zaïre, a place "where people thought it was ridden with savages." And in a few weeks King will bring to the universe Ali vs. Joe Frazier for the heavyweight title in Manila. How's that for quintessential, his long pause seems to ask.

continued

What he did not do and what he might do in the future are equally dramatic, according to King. With oil money from Saudi Arabia, he was on the brink of buying Madison Square Garden before deciding it was a bad investment. "It's become a turkey of a building," he says. He is now thinking of purchasing a major movie company. But more immediate is his sudden thrust into big team sports and music as a packager and manager of careers. He says that he has already signed 85 black pro football players, with more to follow in basketball and baseball. Overnight, it appears, he could become one of the most powerful men in all of sports.

"I won't be creatin' any wars," he says. "We just wants in on the middle of all that high cotton."

But for now, right this minute in Tokyo, or Zaire, or Cairo, or London, or in the back streets of Cleveland, whether among the rich and polished sportsmen, or those who leg the numbers up dark alleys, Don King is boxing, the man with the show, the man with the fistful of dollars and the imagination to match. Quickly, with a lot of street genn, enough brass for a firehouse and the messianic support of Herbert Muhammad (Ali's manager, who has an inscrutable genius of his own), King has managed to reduce the ring's power structure to rubble, and he is left all alone in his cavernous office atop Rockefeller Center to commune with the gods and play with his own ideas as if they were toys.

Boxing promoters have seldom been so singular; most of the big ones have been nearly invisible as personalities. The color, it seems, was left to the seufflers who kept their offices under their hats, would step on a mackel if a kid dropped it and would smoke a cigar down to its last gritty and defiant end. In one sense, the big ones weren't promoters, not in the way of a Tex Rickard, his mind as sharp as his familiar diamond stockpin, or a Mike Jacobs, with his clacking false teeth and pawnbroker's shrewdness: they were managers who worked up front. In the last decade or so, all those who have come along have been moneymen who happened to be in control of the heavyweight champion. The list is long: Roy Cohn, the Bolan brothers, the Nilon brothers, Bill Fugazy and that most resilient of night creatures, Bob Arum.

Limousines, hot dogs, the law, these

were their businesses, and they drifted like clouds across a big moon. The ring was an amusing subsidiary, a playground in which to exercise their already fully developed roguishness; they left nothing behind, and if they were not completely anonymous, they were as dull as their gray suits. Now there is Don King, who used to stick out like a single hatching turtle trying to make the sea in full view of sly crabs and deadly frigate birds. That image has been smashed, replaced by something close to King Kong skipping across the jagged teeth of Manhattan's skyline. He will be heard. He will be seen. He thinks a low profile is something you get in a barber shop.

"Nobody wanted to be up front before me," says King. "They all wanted to sit back, collect their money and play their dirty tricks on each other and even the ones who worked for them. But I'm out there, Jack. You can see me, and if you don't, then you're color-blind. My name's on everything. This ain't no No-Name Productions. It's Don King Productions. I perform. And when I don't perform, then I gotta go, too."

All right, let's look at the record over the 1½ years King has been a front-rank promoter. First, there was Foreman vs. Ken Norton in Venezuela; give it a rating of two garbage cans. Norton was timid, King's partners behaved like sharks, and Foreman was his usual self: that is to say, his presence did not radiate. It was pure chaos. Next, Ali vs. Foreman in Zaire. Give it three stars. It was a brilliant victory for Ali, cerebrum over inept strength; it was genuinely exciting, and if the figures did not excite accountants, they did not disappoint them, either. On the negative side was government censorship, and again the attitude of some of King's associates, who tried (and in some cases managed) to cheat the press out of a charter-plane refund. King went on his own with Chuck Wepner vs. Ali, Foreman vs. the Infirmary Five up in Toronto, Ron Lyle and Ali in Las Vegas, and Ali against the catatonic Joe Bugner in Malaysia.

The artistic merit of these four productions is dubious. "How did I know Foreman would go berserk in Toronto?" says King. "But I'll take the blame. It was a good idea, but I didn't think George would make a farce of it." The business aspect is brighter. Wepner took a loss, but television picked up the tab for the

Toronto show and Lyle; Toronto held its own against Connors vs. Newcombe in the TV ratings, and the Lyle fight had an enormous pull in numbers. Bugner in Malaysia lost a few dollars, too. "What can you do?" says King. "Here's a big strong dude with the chance of a lifetime, and he stands in the ring like a 1,000-year-old mummy."

Essentially, King works for Muhammad Ali, the hottest property in the world, and for Herbert Muhammad, a hard realist who could not care if King's skin was Technicolor; when Herbert looks at a promoter, he sees only green. Herbert gave King his chance, but he would not stay with him if King didn't produce. Herbert never really believed King would deliver, yet he could not deny a black brother a chance to fail. But King did not fold, and as Herbert watched, King produced the figures, the action, the credibility, the continuity that Herbert demanded. "He's a hard taskmaster," says King, "but he's taught me much." King has survived.

The trio gets along well. Ali introduces King as "a businessman—and former gangster." Often bemused, Herbert looks on quietly from the background. He is sensitive to any nuance suggesting that King is the brains behind Ali. Recently, when Ali conned the press into thinking he was retiring, King said he was going to Malaysia to intercede, to use his influence on him. "What's this?" asked Herbert. "You got everybody thinkin' you're the manager of Ali. I'm paranoid 'bout that, Donald." Herbert tries to tone down the excessive side of King, and that is like trying to rein a runaway team of Clydesdales. The excesses, the props, have become King's style.

Harold Lloyd had his lensless glasses, W.C. Fields his voice and Clark Gable those ears. Several distinctions—familiar things that have become a part of his character—mark Don King. His hair looks like a bale of cotton candy just retrieved from a coal bin. He must hold the record for time spent in a tuxedo; he easily beats out Tony Martin, the recognized champion. Then, there is his jewelry. To look at King is to look into the sun or to gaze at a mobile Cartier's. On one finger is a meat block of a diamond ring that cost \$30,000, on his pinky is a \$3,000 number and on his wrist is a \$9,000 watch. Add to all of this his voice and language, a thunderous roll that

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blends black slang with newspeak words like infrastructure, interface and input, a grandiloquent soliloquy that he will suddenly interrupt to summon up the ghosts of the Apostle Paul, François Villon, the moonstruck Khalil Gibran and King's favorite, Shakespeare.

Now King, at age 44, has found a headquarters, an address to match the man. The suite of offices, including two boardrooms, is located on the 67th floor of the prestigious RCA Building, just two floors up from the famous Rainbow Room and close enough to the sky to grab a star. The rent is \$60,000 a year, and the furniture cost him \$40,000. The move by King shook those who follow such things, not to mention the fight mob, which was used to dealing in the back rooms of bars, or in five-story walk-ups. "I'm not walkin' up to the top of that place," said one manager. Clearly, the offices have done what King hoped they would do.

"They're all out there wonderin'," he says. "They're wonderin' what's that crazy nigger doin' up there. He must be doin' somethin'. The place has become a magnet."

King has made people pay attention, so much so that his reception room looks like the last lifeboat leaving the *Titanic*, and his messages run to 200 a day. He tries to see everyone, from inventors who have machines with strange powers or a solution to the aging process of the body, to the lowliest fight managers who look up and around the place as if they were in a spaceship—all of the schemers and dreamers looking for that peg to hang the world on. King spends an average of 15 hours a day in his office, some of it in the effort of staying atop office intrigue. And well he should, for he has made himself vulnerable.

King's high command is a good example of how things work in boxing promotion. For instance, one never lets a grudge get in the way of making money. Working with him are Henry Schwartz, Mike Malitz and, of all people, Bob Arum, once King's avowed enemy. Schwartz was King's former boss at Video Techniques. He first brought King on the scene, made him a vice-president and thought of him as "my black interface." Which, as King says now, was another way of saying "chump." But King could not be held on a leash, and soon he went on his own, leaving behind such disgrace-

continued



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porary relief for hours in many cases from pain, itching in hemorrhoidal tissues. And it actually helps shrink painful swelling of such tissues when infected and inflamed. Try doctor-tested Preparation H[®]. Ointment or suppositories.

DON KING *continued*

ful practices as extra charges for equipment; closed-circuit exhibitors were badly mauled by Video on the Zaire fight. "Schwartz has got nothin' to do with the business end now," says King, "but he's valuable when it comes to technical stuff like satellites."

Malitz is a familiar face: he was long the right arm of Bob Arum. Malitz is a pro. He has no equal as an orchestrator of closed-circuit television. He knows where the money is, and he knows how to collect. King needs Malitz, but why Arum? "He has a brilliant legal mind," King says unconvincedly. The fact is that King has no choice but to cut Arum in on the promotion. The Manila connection, a personage named Thomas Oh, had dealt with Arum first, having been led to believe that Arum could deliver Ali. King had been trying to put the fight on in New York. Failing, he went to his sources in Manila, who did not have the clout of Thomas Oh. Finally, learning that Arum did not have Ali, Oh had to deal with King. Now Arum's only chance was to bring Thomas Oh and King together. They sat down, but King held out as long as possible, looking for money elsewhere, mainly because of Arum's presence in the deal. Herbert Muhammad was impatient. He wanted a contract from King, or else he was going with still another rival promoter, Jerry Perenchio.

King saved promotional face by hooking up with Thomas Oh at the last minute, so Arum, the man who used to "control" Ali in a promotional sense is once more in the thick of things. King fought long and hard to break Arum's grip, and here Arum is, back in the middle of the money, right in the middle of King's own operation, sitting on his shoulder like a wise and patient owl observing a field mouse who has gotten too big.

But a hired hand in King's office says, "There's no way King's going to get hurt. So far he's done the impossible for Herbert and Ali. If Herbert ever does sink him for a white man, he's going to look pretty bad after the way King's performed. And as far as this promotion is concerned, King won't be caught napping. The secret of closed circuit is who gets to the money first, and that's King now. King and Arum have absolutely nothing in common. King has his faults. He's too loud. His tired black line can wear you out. But he's a decent human

continued

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DON KING *by MICHAEL*

being, generous and sensitive. One day he must have had his driver 20 hours. So he's going into his hotel, and then turns back and presses a \$100 bill in the driver's hand. Another promoter would have borrowed \$20 from the driver!"

The main person King must keep an eye on is himself. It is an old truth that the bigger the man, the easier the con. King's feathers must be preened, his ego stroked; grafters with larger plans usually jump at the chance, and then they become much more. Loyalty is almost nonexistent in boxing, but King has what little there is. He did not have to ask for it, or pay for it. It was given to him because he was strong and fair, and his followers saw him as a deliverer from the tyranny of Madison Square Garden. "He's made a mole out of Teddy Brenner, and he's put Mike Burke in his pocket," says Paddy Flood, a manager. "The Garden doesn't count anymore." But there are some who believe King's ego and his ambition have leaped out of hand. "He don't listen too good anymore," says another manager.

"It's all subjective," says King. "They don't understand that up here is like bein' in a war every day. I'm so tired most of the time, I goes home and falls into bed."

It is a Sunday afternoon. He sits beneath a large portrait of Ali. He has been talking about his early life, about the roaches in the tenements that he would spray furiously with bottles of white poison, and still they kept coming, about all the days he spent running to deliver squalling chickens from Hymie's Chicken Shack to the slaughterhouse knife; about his reign as the regent of the numbers in Cleveland; about Benny, one of his predecessors, who used to equip his numbers runners like an army preparing for winter invasion. "He used to buy a whole supply of galoshes and hats and overcoats and hand them out to his men," says King.

King is not wearing a shirt, and his massive chest is moist with sweat. It is a hot day in New York, and he does not like air conditioning. An angry scar crawls up his chest, a gift from his prison days when an incompetent doctor turned a simple cyst surgery into an awfulness. It is obvious, as he stretches and prowls throughout the room, that he likes the space of his office. King knows all about space, for it was only six years

ago that he was put into the hole at the Ohio Penitentiary with only bread and water and a Bible and darkness; he read the Bible by light that slithered through cracks, and then he would use it as a pillow. "I had no trouble in prison, except for that one time a guy hit me in the mouth," says King. "They don't need much excuse to do anything they want to you."

King was in prison because he killed one of his runners in a fistfight, just an ordinary scrap. The memory of it haunts him and so do the four years he got, a severe sentence for the kind of charge that a lot of people have beaten over the years.

"I went up on manslaughter," says King, "and I expected to be paroled early. But they made me do four years in the joint. These parole fops cut the heart right out of me. My numbers reputation was held against me."

The details, the moments of prison life,

are engraved in his mind: being led by foot chains off the bus; the 60-man floor at Marion Reformatory where nightmares came to life in sound, and King would stay awake as long as he could so he would not have to enter subconscious hell; the 6-by-12 cell, where they made you wash out of the toilet bowl, and the smell of sulphur in the water made you sick; the look on the face of his wife, who drove 400 miles every weekend to see him— and the riot.

"It was over," says King, "and we're standin' there naked, and a guy named Bradshaw was standin' there, too ... just standin' there. I'll never forget how the kid from the National Guard got nervous. Bradshaw, he was doin' what he was told. But the kid got scared and he pulled the trigger, and there was Bradshaw's stomach running down to his crotch. Solitary? Perversions? You don't know the kind of depravity that stalks a prison!"

King looks over at a picture of his wife and kids taken on his big farm in Ohio. "That's the only place where the war stops," he says. His wife Henrietta runs the farm. "She don't go for no nonsense," he says, recalling how once his son's marks in school tailed off, and she personally shaved off all his hair.

King gets up and walks out onto the balcony. Down below, 67 floors, evening falls on the town like a dirty handkerchief. High up there, he is a long way from a 6-by-12 cell, he is a man with the power to raise \$35 million in a year, the man who can deliver Muhammad Ali for now. And then he shouts up to the sky, "If I do not perform, Mr. Rockefeller, I will not jump off your building!" Raising his hand as if he were Emperor Jones, his voice booms again. "But if the Milky Way were not within me, how should I have seen it or known it?"

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He says. Winking.

END

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John Updike has described Fenway Park rather in the tone of a lover. "Fenway Park," the Updike rhapsody began, "is a lyric little bandbox of a ball park. Everything is painted green and seems in curiously sharp focus, like the inside of an old-fashioned peeping-type Easter egg." When other adjectives and similes failed him, Updike concluded with the New Englander's ultimate compliment. Fenway Park, he declared, is a "Boston artifact."

Even with an ocean breeze blowing up the Charles River, Fenway Park seems to give off the faint, agreeable mustiness of a gentleman's club. Like all the best Boston institutions it is fronted with red brick. The paint is not only green, it appears, but colonial green. The solid oak door that leads from the street to the executive offices gleams with brass and varnish, and would do justice to a Beacon Hill town house. Set into the bricks not far from the door is one of those bronze plaques that decorate old Boston buildings, verifying them as *The Real Thing*. This particular plaque bearing the sort of honorific prose ordinarily devoted to Tea Party Revolutionaries, commemorates Edward Trowbridge Collins, perhaps the best of all second basemen and Red Sox general manager 1933 to 1947.

Fenway Park sits in the Fens area of Back Bay, in what may fairly be termed the cultural preserve of Boston, a few blocks walking distance from the Muse-

um of Fine Arts, Harvard Medical School and Symphony Hall, the red-brick home of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Among such proper Bostonians the dapper little park does not seem out of place. Nowadays the American stadium, like the motel and the supermarket, has become an interchangeable item, right down to the last blade of AstroTurf. Fenway Park, built in 1912, rebuilt in 1934, belongs to the era when a ball park, in the manner of other civic buildings, took on the character of its community. Ebbets Field in an almost mystical sense was Brooklyn. Fenway Park is Boston, or what Boston used to be.

Inside, the park presents a first impression of spare, puritanical tidiness. The playing field—the rich green against which all baseball greens must be measured—is grass. The neighboring Longwood Cricket Club, once America's nearest answer to Wimbledon lawn, has turned its players' feet to clay. The Red Sox show no signs of abandoning the traditionalist's position: man should play his ball games on a surface that a cow can eat. The only billboard in the park advertises the Jimmy Fund. There are no electronic waterfall-and-cartoon marvels that light up like a Christmas tree when a native son hits a home run. The very thought would make a Fenway fan shudder. The scoreboard is one of the most informative in baseball, giving inning-by-inning scores of all the games being

continued





played in both leagues. But it is operated manually by a crew recessed in a sort of forecastle behind the left-field wall. Human hands lift metal numbers and slide them into slots. When a Red Sox rally is on, the organ does not lead the charge. A Fenway fan would be insulted if it did. Fenway Park is emphatically not a fun emporium, a gag palace frantically designed to keep patrons awake. It is a place for knowledgeable fans. In the self-assured Boston sense that Symphony Hall is the home for Good Music, Fenway Park is the home for Good Baseball. Baseball in Fenway Park could almost pass itself off as a nonprofit institution. If other parks promote baseball as prime-time sitcom, Fenway stages baseball in the style of PBS.

When Fenway Park is filled it is crowded only to a Boston scale. With a capacity listed at 33,379, Fenway is the smallest stadium in the American League, the second smallest in the majors. (Only Jarry Park, the home field of the Montreal Expos, seating 28,000, is smaller.) Fenway is also the last of the original single-deck parks. There are simply no bad seats. Even in the top row of the bleachers, under the right-center-field clock, a spectator (for \$1.50) is in touch with the game. Fenway Park is intimate as few stadiums (or, for that matter, few performing centers of any kind) are these days. Really far-out fans say that even the catwalk on a rooftop Windsor Canadian whiskey sign across the street gives an excellent view, though the price has just gone up astronomically. Eight free-loaders were fined \$100 apiece this summer by a pro-Red Sox, antitrespassing judge.

The visitor who has been lost on Boston streets—those vestigial cow paths perpetuated by Yankee surveyors—will laugh or cry or rage, depending on his temperament, when he recognizes the same random pattern at work in Fenway Park. The edge of the playing field is defined by 10 or 11 zig-zags, according to how you count. The effect is of a jigsaw puzzle with at least one piece willfully fitted wrong. The most famous section of the puzzle is, of course, the left-field wall, more or less affectionately known as the Green Monster.

Other famous (and infamous) physical attributes besides the Monster distinguish Fenway. For instance, this innocent-looking stadium boasts one of the most intimidating sun fields in baseball. In Boston, so goes the folklore, the sun

rises in the east and sets in the eyes of the rightfielder. The first sunglasses ever used in baseball were purchased from Lloyds of Boston by Red Sox Rightfielder Harry Hooper of the brilliant pre-World War I outfield of Hooper, Tris Speaker and Duffy Lewis.

Then there are the birds. On May 17, 1947 a seagull passing over Fenway Park dropped a three-ounce smelt it was carrying on the pitcher's mound, then occupied by Ellis Kinder who, it is said, fielded it neatly by the tail. But pigeons are the species that can turn Fenway practically into an aviary. A true bird story: a foul ball hit by Detroit Outfielder Willie Horton killed a pigeon in mid-flight. Until the police demurred, Ted Williams, the Great White Hunter of Fenway Park, used to spend off-days unloading his shotgun at the pigeons that made their preferred roost in the Kid's left-field stands.

No catalog of Fenway eccentricities would be complete without mention of the weather. Mark Twain was not just kidding when he said of New England weather that if you don't like it, wait a minute. Snow was falling on April 9, 1912 when the Red Sox beat Harvard 2-0 in the first game ever played in Fenway Park, and there are patrons—carriers of mackintoshes and umbrellas in August—who believe the weather has never been normal since. Ted Williams' first act in the morning was to call the park to find out which odd and perverse way the flag was blowing. New England gale winds have not only promoted pop flies into homers but torn the big hand from the clock and bent the left-field foul pole. The late Harold Kaese, a witty and erudite columnist for *The Boston Globe*, whose *Roster's Guide to the Red Sox* is the definitive collection of Fenway Park trivia, recorded that on April 23, 1962 the ocean breeze dropped the temperature at Fenway from 78° to 58° in 10 minutes. When all other whammies fail, nature has been known to lower pea-soup fogs on Fenway Park, causing the bravest outfielders to cower under fly balls. On Aug. 8, 1966, a foggy, foggy day in Boston town, the game had to be stopped four times because of poor visibility.

Before the Monster came into being in 1934, left field featured an incline dubbed Duffy's Cliff, after Duffy Lewis, who chased fly balls up this mini-hill with the agility of a mountain goat. One of the beloved Red Sox myths concerns a

subsequent leftfielder with the Dickensian name of Smead Jolley and a nice round Dickensian shape to match. Smead was a fair country hitter, and the project of the day for all hands was to teach him to negotiate the geography peculiar to his position. One afternoon early in his Red Sox career he fairly flew up Duffy's Cliff. But when Jolley made the catch and tried to throw the ball he fell on his very round, very red face. By the time he reached the bench he had his story prepared. Glaring at his mentors, he snarled, "Oh, sure, you showed me how to climb that damn hill, but no smart guy told me how to come down."

Still, sun, fog, pigeons, Duffy's Cliff are as nothing beside the Monster. Indeed, a Fenway fan, a little proud and quite a bit agitated, may well ask: Has a detail in design of any other park influenced the baseball played there as much as the Monster has influenced the game, if not the personality, of the Red Sox?

The Monster is a structure 37 feet tall, capped by a screen that extends 23 feet. At the left-field foul line it is a mere 31½ feet from the plate. To a right-handed batter digging in on a Boston summer afternoon baseball knows no more exquisite temptation. Only the most self-disciplined slugger can rid himself of the fixed idea that a routine fly in most other parks—just a nice lazy can of corn—will magically turn into a home run over the Fenway screen. At times (mostly in the past) the Monster seemed to be the obsession behind every Red Sox trade. Jimmy Fox, Vern Stephens, Jackie Jensen. The mind reels to recall all the giant-killers with broad shoulders and 36-ounce bats who have been expensively summoned to Red Sox uniforms, with one dream in everybody's head. And who knows how many rookies have wrecked their swings and their careers going for the Monster? A warning marker ought to be placed at its base reading, "Here rest the broken hearts of young right-handed batters and old left-handed pitchers." Only three Red Sox southpaws, Lefty Grove, Mel Parnell and Bill Lee, have really prospered at Fenway Park since pre-Monster days when a youngster named Babe Ruth won a two-year total of 47 games in 1916 and 1917 before being traded to the Yankees.

Today the fashion is to downplay the Monster. Joe DiMaggio and Fox—strokes of rising line drives—have claimed that the Monster robbed them

continued



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of more homers than it gave them. Balls that would soar out of other parks dent the wall and go for doubles, or even singles when leftfielders like Ted Williams or Carl Yastrzemski played the carom. The Monster, so goes current theory, befriends only high-fly hitters like Rico Petrocelli and Tony Conigliaro. But the stats say that when Foxes set the Red Sox home-run record in 1938 he hit 35 at Fenway, 15 on the road. And this season the ERA of Red Sox pitchers, which is under 3.5 away, has hovered above 4.00 in the Monster's lair.

The obligatory remark of Red Sox announcers is, "A one-run [or two-run or three-run] lead means nothing in this ball park." The American League record of 17 runs in one inning was set in Fenway Park on June 18, 1953. Eight years later to the day the Red Sox were trailing 12-5 with two out in the ninth. They scored eight runs to win 13-12.

In Fenway's serene, reasonable, red-brick atmosphere the Monster represents something manic—an excessive hope, promising an equally excessive disappointment: the touch of hysteria that has always hidden beneath the calm surface of Boston from the days of Cotton Mather to the time of Louise Day Hicks. Enter, on cue, the Red Sox fan.

The Boston fan—as fan in fanatic—has always been a breed apart, rivaled in red-necked intensity perhaps only by the old Brooklyn Dodger fan of Ebbets Field, another park of cozy intimacy. But where the Dodger fan was a loyalist the worse the team became the more loyal he grew—the Boston fan is a lover, marvellous during May-June honeymoons, a terror during August-September betrayals. The split personality of the Boston fan may be traced as far back as 1912, a pennant year for the Red Sox. An organization named the Royal Rooters led by a man called Nuff Ced McGreevey regularly supported Red Sox heroes by parading on the field before games with a brass band that played such inspirational marching songs as *When I Get You Alone Thought*. On Oct. 15, as the Royal Rooters prepared to take their seats for the seventh game of the World Series, they discovered that their usual accommodations had been sold out from under them by confused box-office clerks. The Rooters caucused, determined there would be no game without them, and scorned all pleas to leave the field. The sit-in was resolved only by force. Ranks of

mounted police swept across the grass of Fenway Park. As one Royal Rooters, as disoriented as he was disenchanted, tumbled over the right-field fence on his way out, he is reported to have shouted, "To hell with Queen Victoria!"

Boston fans come in all shapes and sizes. The student population—Harvard, Boston University, Boston College—is represented in any Fenway crowd, particularly in the bleachers. By ancient custom the right-field pavilion has housed a coterie of gamblers. A typical row of composite Red Sox fans might include the following: a party of MIT sophomores, aggressively at home—sort of slumming, three or four ex-jocks from Dorchester or Southie (the bald one is always called Red), auditioning as supernumeraries for the next George V Higgins novel; a solitary priest. For reasons known only to them—are they umpires *monkeys*?—the clergy appears to prefer seats behind home plate.

For years a season-ticket holder from Providence named Lolly Hopkins sat in her box seat with a megaphone, cheerleading the Red Sox on. Her favorite of doers was Second Baseman Bobby Doerr, but she loved on principle anybody and everybody who happened to wear a Red Sox uniform. She may have been the ultimate No. 1 Red Sox fan, yet was she, in her sweetness, representative?

A true Red Sox fan, as a Red Sox fan once admitted, learns to boo before he learns to speak. The boo birds, like the pigeons, tend to flock to left field where such targets of overhope as Williams and Yastrzemski have been stationed. Williams deployed against the Bronx cheerers a Marine veteran's obscenities, plus the middle finger. He was also a long-distance spitter. At bat Ted pretty much refused to hit to left to foil the celebrated Boudreau Shift, but he developed an awesome expertise in lining fouls in the direction of his tormentors. Yaz, a more subtle counterpuncher, once trotted out to left field with cotton wads sticking out of his ears. He works at ignoring the Raaz Yaz club. "I reached an unemotional state," he says, like a man describing his Karma. Did peace and understanding come to Yaz when a fan reached out for a foul, dropped the ball and was booed by other fans? That's Boston for you.

Red Sox fans have one weapon even more dreaded than the boo: the mock cheer. A few years ago, in the interests of the Monster, Boston bought that pow-

er-hitting first baseman of legendary fielding inadequacies, Dick Stuart. One day one of those small Boston gales blew a piece of paper across the field. Stuart, familiarly known as Cement Glove, caught it. The crowd rose to a man and gave him a standing ovation.

If a ball park can be said to have character, then the city of Boston, its pigeons, the Monster, the fans and all the rest have given their stamp to Fenway Park. But nothing and nobody has put an imprint on this quaint, perfervid home for Boston baseball like Thomas Austin Yawkey. Fenway Park comes close to being a projection of his state of mind. Yawkey bought the Red Sox in 1933 as a 30th birthday present to himself, four days after coming into nobody knows how many millions of dollars. Tom Yawkey is the sort of character who would have fascinated F. Scott Fitzgerald. He is the last of those enormously rich young men who bought themselves baseball teams as grown-ups' toys the way other young men today might buy a sailboat or a motorcycle. Something called Thomas Yawkey Enterprises exists in New York, representing the timber, mines and golden ecceteras Yawkey's fortune is tied up in. Yawkey regularly graces those premises by his absence. Between October and April he retreats to his plantation on an island off South Carolina that constitutes his other toy: a 40,000-acre game preserve. Between May and October Yawkey occupies a suite at the Ritz-Carlton and spends large parts of his days and nights at Fenway Park. Before night games a chef nicknamed Jumbo, who used to work at one of Harvard's private clubs, prepares the dinner (often a steak) that Yawkey eats in a paneled dining room-lounge off his office, surrounded by such memorabilia as the silvered bats of Ted Williams. The owner and his wife have adjacent his and her boxes on the skyview terrace. Nobody enters Tom Yawkey's box without invitation.

Friendly, even convivial as a younger man, Yawkey has grown more remote through the years. He dislikes being interviewed or photographed. He still pays the kind of salaries that brought down upon the Red Sox embarrassing epithets like the Millionaires and the Gold Sox long before the super-affluent athlete had arrived elsewhere. Yawkey will hero-worship baseball players till the day he dies. But things have changed. "Tom" to earlier generations of Red Sox play-

continued

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FENWAY continued

ers—to hunting pals like Lefty Grove and Mike Higgins—he is now “Master Yawkey.” The Red Sox press continues to be treated royally: Walter Linderhill, formerly bartender at the Dedham Country and Polo Club, pours their drinks. The dining room at Fenway Park can serve up to 150 baseball writers in a style to which they ought not to become accustomed. But the days are past when Yawkey circulated freely among them—an old Yale man in his fraternity.

A visitor to Fenway Park on an off-day feels a little like a friend of the butler in *Les Misérables* being shown about the master’s house on the sly. Yawkey’s office area is referred to by staff as “out-of-bounds.” One almost tiptoes as one approaches the clubhouse. “Is he there?” The question goes out in a sort of chain whisper from one employee to another. At 72 Yawkey still plays pepper games with the barboys and Vince Orelando, equipment manager to visiting teams, and evidently the prospect of hustling in on Yawkey on the massage table rates with surprising Queen Victoria in her bath.

Yawkey seems to haunt Fenway Park like a castle ghost. Forty-two years? Nobody in the history of baseball has owned a major league club that long. When he walks the corridors and tunnels and climbs the angular stairs of Fenway Park, this lank man with a squint and the creased leather face of a Brooks Brothers frontiersman, what does he see? Other ghosts, perhaps.

Look, Jim Paerzall, neck tendons bulging, is climbing the right-center-field wall to make one of those catches old Casey Stengel said he never seen the likes of.

In back of second base the handsome, dour Bobby Doerr—who maintains the posture of a career Army officer even when bending over a ground ball—is stealing base hits off the grass.

Joe Cronin, the “Boy Manager” for whom the Red Sox in 1934 paid an unprecedented top dollar of \$250,000, is describing mincing little circles at shortstop, all worried jaw and hunched shoulders. Joe is trying to decide whether to yank Wes Ferrell, a big wavy-haired country boy who is scratching up furious clouds of dust around the rubber. Wes, in turn, is trying to decide whether to walk off the mound without permission or, on the contrary, to refuse to be relieved. (He may be the only pitcher to be fined for doing both.)

Meanwhile, in the right-field bullpen built in 1940 to meet a Ted Williams home run halfway, Moe Berg, part-time catcher, part-time American spy—a Princeton graduate who could speak a dozen languages, including Japanese and Sanskrit—is delivering a lecture to the relief pitchers on the 19th-century Russian novel.

For the privilege of these sights, these memorabilia, Yawkey has paid out a sum variously estimated between \$10 million and \$40 million. Where would Fenway Park be without him? The season’s attendance in 1932, the year before Yawkey, was down to 182,150. (In 1975 the figure should come very close to two million.) Fenway Park might well have become just another Boston public building on its way to being condemned, plastered with posters of other entertainments, as it was when its owner was the forgettable Harry Frazee, producer of *No, No, Nanette*. Yawkey has saved Boston baseball from that, not only by his money but by his pride.

Jake Ruppert is gone, Walter Briggs Sr. is gone, William Wrigley Jr. is gone. More and more, baseball has become the property of conglomerates and their cost accountants. Yawkey is the last of the dilettante sportsmen, the gentlemen owners, the George Apleys of baseball. What the name of Lowell is to the Boston Symphony and the name of Eliot is to Harvard, the name of Yawkey is to Boston baseball. He is not only an owner but a patron.

Yawkey has survived to live in a world where percentages refer to profits and write-offs, not winning and losing. Yawkey wants to win at his games as only a man can want to win who has had everything else in life given to him. Forty-two years of loving baseball and hero-worshipping ballplayers have brought Yawkey only two pennants, in 1946 and 1967. Not since 1918 have the Red Sox won a World Series. The children and grandchildren of the Royal Rooters, in the presence of Fred Lynn, Jim Rice and company, are forgetting how to boo again. But their fever is nothing compared to the impatience with which this genteel old man dreams of seeing the banner of world champion fly over his genteel old park: one moment of glory before all things old-fashioned disappear and the future belongs to 20-team expansion leagues playing under Plexiglas on coast-to-coast AstroTurf.

END

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NBC TRIES A GRANDSTAND PLAY

For nearly two years *Grandstand*—which will certainly be the most expensive sports program of the new television season and may wind up being the most important as well—was known internally at NBC as *The Big Idea*. It premieres next Sunday at 12:30 p.m. EDT, not accidentally the same day that the National Football League season opens, the NFL's American Football Conference games being a prime NBC draw.

Nobody at NBC will guess at the costs of launching and producing the new show, but the figure is as high as the aim is lofty. "Eventually *Grandstand* should become the first edition and four-star final of sports broadcasting," says Carl Lindemann Jr., the head of NBC Sports. To achieve this, Lindemann and his chief of operations, Chet Simmons, have been working with what seems to be an unlimited bankroll. The expectation is that *Grandstand* will become a sweaty money-making brother to the network's successful *Today* and *Tonight* shows.

What, television viewers may wonder, will *Grandstand* do for me that ABC's *Wide World of Sports* or CBS' *Sports Spectacular* doesn't?

Basically, *Grandstand* will wrap itself around live sports events. In the football season, for instance, it will precede AFC games by half an hour, fill the halftime doldrums and after the game, wrap up the day's sporting events. During the winter it will work around tennis and golf with some wild-card options available. "If a tennis match turns out to be dull," says Simmons, "we will pull away from it and go wherever the news is—another event or perhaps an interview with a person in the news."

The show's very first half hour will involve some fancy footwork: a quick wrap-up of the scores of major college football games played Saturday night; possibly coverage of the Davis Cup matches between Chile and Sweden in Bastad, across from the Ryder Cup at Laurel Valley in Pennsylvania; a sequence from the Westfield Cup hydroplane race in San Diego; a look at developments in the World Football League; and highlights of Saturday's big horse races. Because the first *Grandstand* comedies with the British Broadcasting Corporation's 20th anniversary of its *Grandstand* (which is where NBC got the ti-

tle), an exchange of films has been arranged. The BBC will air highlights of NBC's sports coverage over the past 20 years while viewers here will probably see sequences of major British events since 1955. The first NBC show will also examine the enormously costly rebuilding of Yankee Stadium and the progress of America's most mysterious sports complex, the Hackensack (N.J.) Meadows project. In addition, Tony Kubek will be on hand at the day's hottest baseball game and there will also be short live feeds from six AFC games. All of this, mind you, in 30 minutes.

To get *Grandstand* rolling, NBC Sports hired so many people that its old fifth-floor space in New York's RCA Building became unlivable. In June the sports department moved to the 15th floor, and still had so many deskless bodies that 10 more offices had to be found elsewhere in the building.

The executive producer of *Grandstand* is Don Ellis, who was responsible for most of the ideas for *The Baseball World of Joe Garagiola*. "The difference between *Grandstand* and the other shows," says Ellis, "is to be found in the word live: We will jump around the country and world to bring as many live events into the viewers' homes as possible. We will concentrate on genuine sporting events as opposed to manufactured ones. When we do athletes as personalities we will examine them from sides other than what normally appears on the television screen. Our aim is to make the viewer more aware of what is behind the winner, or loser."

Grandstand's host will be Jack Buck, one of the glibest in the business. NBC got Buck, who is 51, by giving him a three-year contract at an undisclosed figure high enough to lure him away from his \$62,000-a-year job as announcer for the St. Louis Cardinals baseball team. "There is an unpredictability to *Grandstand* that excites me," says Buck.



AS THE NEW SHOW SIMMERS, SIMMONS IS ALL SMILES

"It gives us a chance to do live things and do some investigative reporting as well."

"When we do an investigative report on a subject like violence in hockey," says Simmons, "we are going to ask some hard questions. We will have to buy rights to do events that we don't presently have, but we are not going into writ wrestling, or 'made-for-television' sports. We've got a problem with tennis because the ratings of our World Championship Tennis shows have been falling—more than a million fewer viewers weekly now than four years ago. But we're not ready to quit on WCT yet. While we dropped hockey, it doesn't mean we aren't going to cover it in some form on *Grandstand*. And while we didn't buy the rights to American Basketball Association games, that doesn't mean we are not going to do any. We are. There are also some college basketball games which can be moved to Sunday afternoons. Also, there are horse races now on Sundays. The tough time is summer, and we probably won't do the show then. The thing to remember is that these first shows are not what we eventually want *Grandstand* to be. It will be during the winter and spring that the real *Grandstand* will emerge."

If NBC can deliver what it promises within the next six months, *Grandstand* will be extremely rewarding to sports fans. If it doesn't pan out, a lot of people may find themselves back down on the fifth floor.

END

Two for the Astromuddle

The rescue of Houston's ball club, sagging cornerstone of a diminishing empire, has been entrusted to Yankee emigrants Tal Smith and Bill Virdon

A little more than a month ago Tal Smith had a nice job as executive vice-president of the New York Yankees, lived in a big house with 31 acres of land on Long Island and figured his career was secure at last after 18 years in baseball. Now Tal Smith is general manager of the Houston Astros, who are 40-odd games out of first place in the National League West and are sagging terribly at the gate, but can take a perverse pride in having traded away a dozen or so players who have become stars on other teams.

It is Smith's own fault that he finds himself in such a position. Until he moved to New York in November of 1973, Smith had worked for the Astros for 13 years, 11 as head of the farm system and of scouting and development of players, and 2½ as a special assistant to Judge Roy Hofheinz while the Astrodome was being built. So he knew what he was getting into when the Astros'

three-man board of directors—the judge, T. H. Neyland and Sidney Shlenker—fired General Manager Spec Richardson and offered Smith the job, one that has been compared to being captain of the *Hindenburg*.

The Astros have been called the worst team in the major leagues. A reminder of this brings to Smith's lips a very wan smile, as if he had been told once again that electric rates are going up. Sitting in his new office, wearing a yellow suit, blue sports shirt and brown loafers he could use as mirrors, Smith says, "I suppose that's a fair description in a sense, since we obviously have the worst record. But we're not far behind Detroit, and the description might not be fair by the end of the season." How did it come about that the Astros—a team that has employed Joe Morgan, John Mayberry, Mike Cuellar, Lee May, Rusty Staub, Jim Wynn and Jerry Reuss, among oth-

ers—have never won a division championship and currently may not be as good as when first organized 14 years ago?

"It would be hard to give a precise answer," Smith says diplomatically. "To a degree, it starts at the top. But it's a combination of things. I was generally consulted about those trades when I was here before. I didn't support some of them—especially the Joe Morgan trade—but I had to live with them. Sometimes a trade will be made that puts a mortgage on the future for the sake of a short-term gain. There are four steps in putting together a successful organization: scouting and signing of players, development of players' skills, motivation and direction by the field manager and decisions at the executive level. If those four areas are pulling in different directions, you can't get there from here."

Not only have the Astros sunk to a lowly state on the field this season, after three straight years of winning at least half their games and 10 years of drawing at least one million fans, but the entire Astro complex has fallen upon parlous times. Certainly things were different when the judge, who conceived the Astrodome and forced it into existence, was the maestro of the entire show.

The judge had a stroke five years ago and is still in a wheelchair, which is part of the problem. Another part of it is that the judge borrowed \$38 million for the Astroworld Amusement Park, a \$2 million scoreboard and other refinements in the Dome (the Dome itself was paid for by Harris County voters), and to buy land and construct hotels nearby. The money came from a consortium of Ford credit, G.E. credit, Harford National and banks in Houston, Dallas, San Francisco and New York.

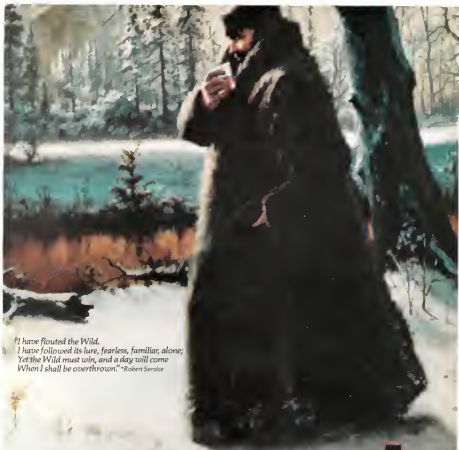
When it became clear the judge could not pay the notes, the Hofheinz family stock (son Fred is mayor of Houston, an office his father once held) was put into a voting trust and the creditors moved in to watch their money.

"The judge has always been a collector, not a seller," says T. H. Neyland, president of Astrodome, the big company that controls the baseball team, the hotels and the rest of it. Neyland came in, he says, in a deal between the shareholders (Hofheinz mainly) and the creditors. Astrodome has leased the amusement park and wants to sell the more than 200 acres it owns around the Dome. The Astroworld Hotel and three hotels could

continued



ASTROKING SMITH PICKED EX-YANKEE FIELD BOSS VIRDON "FOR THE LONG HAUL."



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be bought without much haggling. If the judge can raise \$38 million he would have control of his stock again. Otherwise, Astrodome is for sale. "But the last asset subject for sale is the baseball team," says Neyland.

The Astros might be the last asset anyone would wish to purchase at the moment. Attendance is down about 250,000 from last year, which also hurts business at the hotels.

One of the first things Tal Smith did as boss of the Astros was to fire Manager Preston Gomez and hire Bill Virdon, who had been Smith's next-door neighbor on Long Island, though the two are not close friends. Virdon was fired as manager of the Yankees on Aug. 2, while Smith was still executive vice-president but had been offered the Astro job.

"Bill went to the Yankees under adverse conditions as the well-publicized second choice to Dick Williams, and in his quiet way won the support of almost everyone," Smith says. "As to why the Yankees fired him, I'm not the man to answer that question. Bill has patience, has the respect of his players, doesn't have an ego that detracts from the players, is an excellent manager and a good judge of talent. The field manager has the greatest visibility and immediate effect on a team. Knowing Bill, I don't have to speculate about him. It's impossible to turn this team around overnight, and Bill is a good man for the long haul." Smith has a three-year contract.

Virdon has experimented with the Astros' lineup to have a look at what is on hand, has used relief pitchers as starters and has won about half his games in the couple of weeks he has had the job. Furthermore, he is unblinkingly serene about the Astros' orange-and-white uniforms, which make the team resemble a marimba band. "The uniforms don't make the players," Virdon says. "I think we're comparable to the Yankees, except in pitching. We'll either have to improve some of the people we've got or else change some faces. You can't hide the record, and up to this point it could be true that the Astros are the worst team in the big leagues, but that doesn't mean we've got the worst talent. The number of games we are behind is misleading."

Presumably, Virdon means the Astros are better than they have shown. If they're not, Tal Smith better have some deals cooking that are more advantageous than those of the past.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 27-Sept. 3)

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NL WEST

Burt Hooton of the Dodgers (4-3) ran his victory string to nine games, beating the Giants 3-1 and the Braves 5-2. And Doug Rau turned the Mets 5-2 and the Reds 3-2. Losers were Don Sutton, who was 11-5 in mid-June and is now 16-12, and Andy Messersmith, whose record has worsened from 12-4 to 15-14. Reliever Mike Marshall, who resigned rib cartilage, and Outfielder Bill Buckner, who had surgery on his left ankle, were through for the year. Johnnie LeMaster of the Giants (also 4-3) hit an inside-the-park homer in his first big league at-bat as Ed Halicki stymied the Dodgers 7-3. And John (the Count) Montefusco eased past Philadelphia 5-4 and Houston 2-1 for his 12th and 13th wins.

Back from a road trip, the Braves played before record-setting crowds. Alas, the records were for the sparsest attendance since the team moved to Atlanta in 1966. An all-time low of 1,119 saw the Padres take the first game from the Braves 10-9 with a five-run ninth, the clincher coming on a single by Dave Roberts. Smaller yet was the next day's gathering of 1,062, which was treated to a 2-1 Brave win when Ed Gooden and Marty Perez drove in runs in the ninth. Carl Morton won his 16th and 17th games for Atlanta with relief help from Bruce Dal Canton.

Eight homers helped keep the fourth-place Padres two games in front of the Braves. So did Pitcher Brent Strom, who beat the Expos 6-0 and the Astros 2-1, and Randy Jones, who slowed down the Reds 2-1 for his 18th victory.

For Cincinnati (4-3) Don Gullett won his eighth in a row, downing San Diego 10-4. The Reds gave the Dodgers an even worse drubbing, 13-2, thanks to a 10-run inning, three L.A. errors and 11 walks.

CIN 24-47 LA 72-57 SF 70-71
SD 66-78 ATL 65-60 HOU 58-69

NL EAST

As first-place aspirants returned to intradivisional play, none inspired complete confidence. Alone among them, front-running Pittsburgh (5-2) had a winning week. But the Bucs were not very swashbuckling in Montreal, losing one game 4-3 when Kent Tekulve issued four walks in the 10th, dwelling along until the 11th in another before over-kill the Expos with seven runs. Dropping six lengths back were the Phillies (2-5), victims of assorted oddities and misfortunes. Like Catcher Johnny Oates retrieving a wild pitch and firing it over the head of Pitcher

Tom Hilgendorf, who was covering home plate. Like losing five one-run games, including a 7-to-0 to the Cubs in which the Phillies had led 5-0. Like Ty McGraw committing a balk when a moth flew into his eye. And it did not help that Jay Johnstone, the team's leading hitter (.335) was sidelined by a minor fracture of his right wrist. But there were little things to be thankful for: Greg Luzinski snapped an 0-for-20 slump and Mike Schmidt ended an 0-for-20 skid. Also struggling were New York (page 24) and St. Louis (3-3). On Bob Gibson Day in St. Louis, Boy and Girl Scouts formed a "251"—the number of Gibby's lifetime wins—and President Ford sent a congratulatory letter. Gibson said he was proud that "what I did I was able to do my way." Sadly, Gibson coughed up a grand-slam homer two days later, Pete LaCock of the Cubs smashing it to break open a 7-6 game. But Bob Forsch and Al Hrabosky of the Cardinals teamed up for 6-3 defeats of the Cubs and Mets, giving Forsch 14 victories, Hrabosky 21 saves. Lou Brock stole four bases to bring his total to 53. This is the 11th year in a row in which he has had 30 or more and his lifetime mark of 806 is just 86 short of Ty Cobb's record.

Andy Thomson of Chicago (5-3), who has doubled his home-run output to 14 in the past two weeks, sent four balls out of the park. His 14th was a three-run drive that zapped the Phillies 4-3. With the Pirates and Phillies virtually handing them games, the Expos (3-4) clung to the notion that they still had a chance of wresting fifth from the Cubs.

PIT 75-60 ST. L. 74-68 PHIL 74-67
NY 73-67 CHI 66-76 MONT 61-78

AL WEST

Instrumental in Oakland's trio of wins, Reggie Jackson hit them long and he hit them short. In an 8-6 defeat of Boston, Jackson had three hits and five RBIs, his jazziest blow a bases-loaded double that carried off first base. Jackson slugged his 30th home run as the A's clipped the Angels 6-3 and hit No. 31 to put down the Rangers 2-1. In two other games, however, the A's were beaten.

Kansas City (8-1) refused to roll over. Indeed, the Royals whacked three games off the A's lead. Al Cowens had 10 RBIs, John Mayberry tied Jackson for the league home-run lead with his 30th and 31st, and George Brett and Harmon Killebrew also did some swinging. Brett, who bedeviled Chicago with a 12th-inning go-ahead single in a 4-1 game and with a homer in a 5-4 verdict, stung California with five hits and four RBIs in a 5-2 game and walloped a two-run homer in a 6-3 victory. After Hal McRae hurt his rib cage fouling off a White Sox pitch, Killebrew finished his turn at bat for him by socking a two-run homer that brought a 3-1 triumph. Paul Splittorff had a pair of "bookend" de-

continued

cents, breezing past Chicago and New York by identical 7-0 scores.

After the Twins had voted overwhelmingly that former teammate Jim Kaat of the White Sox (3-4) was the best lefty in the league, he helped sustain their opinion with a 5-2 win, his 20th. Rich Gossage chalked up his eighth triumph as well as his 23rd and 24th saves; he has accounted for a remarkable 47% of Chicago's 68 victories. Although committing nine errors and giving up 15 walks in two games against Texas, Minnesota (2-2) took both. Rookie Jim Hughes held off the Rangers 5-3 for his 13th win.

California and Texas were both 2-5. Frank Tanana of the Angels struck out 14 as he stopped the A's 4-1, and Lee Stanton had five RBIs in a 6-4 decision over the Rangers. Nolan Ryan was expected to undergo surgery for bone chips on his pitching elbow. Gaylord Perry of Texas was a winner for the 15th time, knocking off Oakland 4-2 on a two-hitter. But Ferguson Jenkins lost twice as he was tagged for three home runs, which increased his total to 35, highest in the majors.

OAK 93-95 KC 76-61 TEX 68-73
CHI 88-73 MINN 65-72 CAL 64-76

AL EAST "Choke. Choke. Choke." That was the chant taken up by some Boston fans during a two-game series in Baltimore, their derivative (retort) to Oriole Manager Earl Weaver's comment that the Red Sox would collapse in the stretch. The Sox (4-3) showed no signs of folding the way they did late last season, beating the Birds 3-2 and 3-1. In the first game the Sox got a gift run when Jim Palmer lost his usually impeccable control and walked four batters in a row. Boston won it in the 10th on Cecil Cooper's homer, giving Rick Wieg his 18th win, the 13th in his past 16 decisions. Boston let it all hang out in a week-ending 24-bat, 20-6 blitz of the Brewers, in which Dwight Gooden had five of the hits. Injury-hampered Catcher Carlton Fisk somehow managed to slightly aggravate his split ring finger while cuning for the tomatoes he grows at home, but he was healthy enough to drive in seven runs last week.

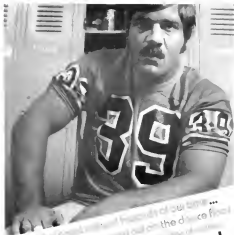
By taking four of six one-run games, Baltimore (4-1) kept its faint hopes aglimmer. Three games were settled on late-inning hits by Bobby Grich, Doug DeCinces and Don Baylor.

Cleveland (4-2) zoomed to within two

games of third-place New York (3-5). An eighth-inning homer by Rico Carty stunned the Orioles 2-1. Then, against the fast-crumbing Brewers, the Tribe romped 11-3 and 10-5. Catfish Hunter of New York mastered Detroit 8-0 for his 19th win and 26th complete game, the most by a Yankee since Carl Mays had the same number in 1921. Thurman Munson, trying to become the first Yankee to amass 100 RBIs since Mickey Mantle in 1964, had 10, bringing his total up to 89.

Pete Broberg of Milwaukee (3-4) disposed of Texas 4-1 and Boston 4-2, giving him four route-going games in five starts since resorting to a no-windup delivery. In 25 previous outings, Broberg had gone the distance just once. George Scott polished off the Tigers 6-5 when he exploded for five hits. But Detroit (2-4) also displayed some fireworks, beating Milwaukee 5-4 with a four-run seventh and erupting for a seven-run inning in an 11-2 rout of Cleveland. Getting into the swing of things, Willie Horton slammed his 22nd and 23rd home runs for the last-place Tigers.

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This is what one promoter calls Foorball, a corruption of the German word Fussball, which in some circles means a coin-operated game. Don't laugh. The national championships were played in Denver. For \$113,000

For a measure of the frustrations of a professional table soccer player, one had to search no farther than the sports section of *The Denver Post* on the Tuesday following Labor Day. A few miles from the newspaper office, in the purple-carpeted ballroom of the Denver Regency Inn, a couple of fellows named Dan Kaiser and Ken Rivera had just won the table soccer open doubles national championship. After six days of intense competition their share of a \$113,000 pot was \$70,000, but the *Post*, and almost every other journal in the world, failed to chronicle the feat. If Kaiser and Rivera were searching for national recognition, they might as well have played in the back room of Major Goolshy's bar in Milwaukee, which is the sort of place most people expect to find the game. That is, if they have ever heard of it at all.

"Table soccer? Oh, yeah. I understand they're going to have a Hall of Fame."

"The pros put out a disabled list the other day and everybody on it had cirrhosis of the liver."

"I met one of those guys. His best shot was an ounce of rye with water on the side."

The table soccer people have learned to live with the bad jokes, if not the anonymity. There is, for instance, Billy Sumption, a chunky 27-year-old redhead out of Minneapolis, who, with Karin von Otterstedt, won this year's mixed-doubles championship. Sumption used to be a bank examiner, but he gave it up to become part owner of a table soccer distributorship, though he has found that he pours more profits into the promotion of the sport than he takes home.

"When you first look at the game you think it's some kind of a toy," Sumption says. "The first time I saw it I thought it was funny—little plastic men on a rod kicking a ball around. Then in college I met this German girl who had been play-

ing the game since she was eight, and she killed me. It bent my mind. I took another look."

What Sumption saw was a table, 2'2½" by 3'10¼", with the markings of a soccer field and 11 five-inch plastic figures on each side. Each player (or doubles team, doubles being more popular) has a row of five men, fixed on a long rod, in the middle, plus a rod with a forward line of three men, one with a defensive line of two men and a goalie. The object is simple enough: to kick a solid plastic sphere the size of a Ping-Pong ball into the opposite goal.

The first side to score five times wins. In professional tournaments, which are all double elimination, it takes three games out of five.

Simple? Yes, but first you had better learn the Louisiana shuffle defense, which really came from Texas and was designed to stop the Texas pull shot, wherein the middle man of the three forwards passes to himself and slams the ball at the goal only slightly slower than the speed of light. This last has driven more than one goalie to, well, drink, and there are also the push, the kick, the slice and the pin shot. Not to mention a recently devised goalie bank shot, which has added yet another dimension to a sufficiently complicated sport.

"To me the game is as real as blood," says Sumption, whose competitiveness made him a legend in South Dakota high school football circles. As a 148-pound



PUSHES, SLICES, KICKS AND THE LOUISIANA SHUFFLE

linchhacker, he suffered three brain concussions. When one doctor would find him in a football physical, Sumption would find another. He became so infamous that when he was called up for the draft they made him 4-F without even giving him a physical. "Table soccer gives me the same excitement as knocking down those big runners," he says.

This is something the Germans have known for a long time. The game is said to have been developed in France 150 years ago, but it did not become popular in Europe until after World War I, when the Germans used it to rehabilitate wounded veterans. Nor was it immediately popular in the U.S. Eddie Zorinsky, now the mayor of Omaha, used to

own a string of amusement arcades with his father Hyme, and 17 years ago they brought the game to this country.

"For some reason it never took off, except in Portland, Ore.," says Lee Peppard, now the major stockholder in Seattle-based Mountain West, Inc., the largest manufacturer-distributor of table soccer in the country. Peppard first saw the game in Missoula, Mont., where he was going to college, running a large tavern, supplying equipment to coin-machine operators and, as if that were not enough, serving as a smoke jumper for the Forest Service.

With a tavern and a coin-machine business, Peppard was in a position to recognize table soccer as a highly promotable product, and soon he was distributing Deutscher Meister, a German table, throughout Montana. The orders came in faster than the Germans could fill them, so he decided to have his own tables made in Taiwan.

There are now four types of table, which manages to further complicate the game. The German model has a smooth, fast-playing field with a $7\frac{1}{4}$ " goal. Entirely different is the Texas table, with a slow crescent glass field that gave birth to a crawling, controlled-ball game and a wide $8\frac{1}{2}$ " to 9" goal mouth. Then there is a French model just slightly faster than the Texas version, and an Italian table, fastest of all.

For his table Peppard used the slick, smooth German playing field for speed, and added solid, instead of tubular, rods for power. Then in 1972, to promote the sport, he held the first national championships. The total prize money was \$1,500. The following year he raised the purse to \$5,000, and in 1974 jumped it to \$50,000. On his tables, of course. And that's how the fighting started.

In came the players from the Northwest, from the table-soccer strongholds of Oregon and Washington. They played a fast game, never stopping the ball. They wouldn't talk to the Minnesotans, who played a slower, ball-control version. The Texans, who played the slowest game of all and were tearing everyone up with their pull shot, wouldn't talk even to Peppard.

"At that time it was a nice simple game," says Peppard who, at 33, claims he is the worst table-soccer player in the world. "We had about 10 rules. But it was chaos. Some of the Texans, with their

continued



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ball control, stopped the ball before every shot and were taking three hours to play one match. We began adding rules. And a one-hour time limit. And more rules. If this is going to be a first-class professional sport, then it has to be run like a first-class professional sport."

Now suddenly everyone is getting along. Shoot, the Texans are even talking to the people from Oregon. For one thing, the players know that to achieve respectability they must act like professionals. And despite the tavern image of the game, which is beginning to fade, most have rubbed elbows with higher education, if only as residents of college towns, where the game flourishes.

"I would say that most of your better players," says Jimmy Gilbert, who is one of your better players, "have a high level of intelligence. I don't know if they always use it, they just have it."

After his \$50,000 national championships last year, Lee Peppard decided to go all out. He put together a \$250,000

tour, with 33 tournaments in 28 states over a nine-month period. In all, it cost \$492,000, with about \$160,000 of that coming back in entry fees and the quarters the players pour into the tables' push chutes by the carload. It is not philanthropy, Peppard admits. For instance, some 4,000 tables are sold each month by 16 U.S. companies. Before the \$50,000 tournament last year, Mountain West's share of the market was 200 tables. Now it is 1,300 a month and climbing. "A player has a lot of problems if he tries to practice on one kind of table and then comes in to compete as a pro on ours. It's a big disadvantage," Peppard says happily.

To make the tour, and his table, even more attractive, Peppard is planning on upping the total purse to \$350,000, although he would like to spread it out over fewer, say only six, tournaments. And within four years he envisions a \$1 million tour.

"Which won't be too hard to take,"

said Karin von Otterstedt, a 24-year-old Oregon State graduate with an animal science degree who now lives in Grapevine, Texas. A goalie, Karin was the national's only double winner: in both women's doubles, with 18-year-old Lori Schranz, and mixed doubles, with Sumpton.

Eighteen-year-old Steven Simon won the singles championship, but in table soccer— or, God forbid, football, as it is sometimes called— the glamour event is the open doubles. Seventeen-year-old Brent Bednar and 18-year-old Mike Belz, who polished their games in a Minnesota high school league, finished behind Kaiser and Rivera in the open doubles. Granted, none of the four got his name in that next day's edition of *The Denver Post*, as did one Dale Glenn for winning a pro bowling tournament in Michigan. Glenn took home \$6,000 for his first in bowling. Bednar and Belz' second-place money in the table soccer contest came to \$11,000.

END

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A Mad Stork stirs up his new nest

**Al Davis doesn't mind if Linebacker
Ted Hendricks scares his Raiders**

Unique as it is to be professional football's only Guatemalan-born ex-math major, Ted Hendricks is better known as the All-Pro linebacker who has been frustrating NFL offenses for the past six years and bringing more grief to the kicking fraternity than ingrown toenails. His 6'7" height obviously troubles passers and for a mere 220-pounder he is exceptionally strong against the rush. But his most devastating talent is the art of blocking kicks, where-in he has no peer. Now with the Oakland Raiders, who had the best regular-season win-loss record (12-2-0) in the NFL last season and are unbeaten after five exhibition games this year, Hendricks looms as yet another weapon on a team that already had a bulging arsenal—including a full complement of professional-caliber linebackers. It may be the first time a club set out to improve its defense with a blocker.

Hendricks, 27, became a Raider on Aug. 6 when Al Davis, the team's managing partner, signed him to a three-year contract offering the kind of money that could house and feed The Norman Luboff Choir. Yet it was not so much the salary that enabled Oakland to acquire the seven-year veteran as it was the contract Hendricks had signed with Green Bay last season. It contained no option clause and thus left Hendricks a free agent when it expired. Packer fans have accused ex-coach Dan Devine of vindictive sabotage in his method of signing Hendricks, a charge Devine, now the head coach at Notre Dame, denies. Insisting it was a straight business deal, Devine claims that had he re-

mained with the Packers, Hendricks would have bargained in good faith for 1975. Indeed, it should be recalled that Hendricks came to Green Bay from Baltimore, where he had started 69 straight games, for what was projected as (and turned out to be) a lame-duck season. He was to join the WFL Jacksonville Sharks in 1975 but by 1975 the Sharks were out of business. Since new Packer Coach Bart Starr has no wish to incur similar fan outrage, he has yet to decide whether players or draft choices constitute proper Rozelle Rule reimbursement from Oakland. Thus the trade for Hendricks remains to be consummated.

Even so, the deal already has prompted speculation on the part of fans, players and newsmen. Fans, as they are wont to do, see Hendricks as the messiah who will lead the Raiders to the Super Bowl championship that has barely eluded them year after year. Players, remembering Hendricks' Pro Bowl performances and his work for the victorious Colts in Super Bowl V, undoubtedly feel much the same way. Newsmen are convinced that the Raiders will trade either Gerald Irons or Phil Villapiano to reduce a surplus at outside linebacker.

While the latter remains a distinct possibility, Davis' reasons for acquiring Hendricks may at once be more simple and more complex. "He's a guy who might help us win a game down the line that we might lose without him," Davis says in disposing of the simple part. It is also no secret that Davis was less than pleased with the Raiders' tackling last year, especially in the game in which the team lost the AFC championship to the Steelers. "I think maybe some of our guys got a little complacent," he says. To upgrade performance, Davis seems to be following his old formula of extracting better work out of his players through fear wrought by job competition. In 1967, when the Raiders had two of the best cornerbacks in the American Football League—David Grayson and Kent McCloughan—Davis acquired Willie Brown. Two years ago he kept Defensive Ends Horace Jones and Tony Cline in a state of worried sharpness by trading for Bubba Smith.

"Our only inflexible goal is to win," Davis says, "and we may use flexible methods to do that. I'm not a guy who believes in a wholesale housecleaning. I think you can upgrade in other ways."

Hendricks views the trade in much the

same manner. "We've got so much depth on this team I don't see any way we can't possibly make it to the playoffs," he says. That was one of the big reasons why Hendricks turned down the offers of Atlanta, the Giants and Miami, among others, and chose to sign with the Raiders. "The fact that I knew Oakland was going to be in the playoffs did enter into my decision to come here," he says.

Since Hendricks reported to camp 16 days late, and then discovered he would be tried at right linebacker after playing the other side for the last three seasons, his exhibition-game performances understandably have been less than awesome. Last Friday night in Dallas, however, Hendricks' work helped the Raiders score their first touchdown in a 31-20 defeat of the Cowboys. Midway through the first quarter, Hendricks, who was playing for the first time on the Raiders' punt-return team, swooped in from the right side and seemingly harassed Mitch Hoopes so that the rookie Cowboy kicker shanked a 33-yard punt out of bounds at the Oakland 49-yard line. On the very next play Ken Stabler and Cliff Branch hooked up on a 49-yard bomb, and on the following play Clarence Davis bolted the last two yards for the initial score.

"We've never been a real good punt-blocking team," said Raider Assistant Joe Scannella. "It has to do with our style of play. Our game is, 'Don't make mistakes or give the other team a break.' That's why we don't go after the punter a lot. If we hit him, they keep the ball. But I think with Ted we're going to do it more and what we'll probably do as well is let him go on his own when he thinks he can get there." As for knocking down field goals and extra points, which is Hendricks' special joy, the Raiders have yet to work on the play to bring him through the line.

"They've mentioned to me that blocking kicks hasn't been a big factor in the Raiders' system," Hendricks says. "The same thing existed in Green Bay before I got there. I was just fortunate to get a coach like Devine and an assistant like Hank Kuhlmann to work with and talk over the best approach. It turned out beautifully. As time went on, I got to work on it more and more." Indeed, in Hendricks' one season as a Packer he blocked seven kicks, including one against the Colts that was nothing short of delicious. (As with many another for-

continued

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mer Colt, there is no love lost between Hendricks and Baltimore General Manager Joe Thomas.)

"We were in Baltimore and they were getting ready to punt," Hendricks says. "I tried to draw the opposing player off-sides so they'd get a five-yard penalty, but when one of their players did move and I reached over to touch him the officials called an off-sides on me. The penalty against us moved them into field-goal range, so they brought in their field-goal team—but I blocked it."

In much the same manner, Hendricks stopped Fred Cox' extra point skein at 199 straight. "I had jumped off-sides prior to the snap, which killed the play," he says. "Cox went ahead and made it, but he had to kick over, and I blocked it the second time around."

"Basically, it's beating the person in front of you and getting a lot of help from your teammates," Hendricks says. "Trying to get penetration into the line is where you need some help from your teammates. Usually it's a two-on-one situation, two defensive linemen against one offensive blocker, and you usually can get penetration that way. Then you've got to get your hands up in the air. That's where my height advantage comes in. If it's a low trajectory ball, it's easy to get to."

"It's a knack some people have," says Scamella. "Some guys have the ability to get sideward momentum so that they can sneak in there between people. Ted's very good at hitting and sliding. We hope he'll do the same thing here. Later in the season we'll design some stuff to help him. When you've got a special talent, you've got to do something to utilize it."

Hendricks would agree, if not for the chance at another Super Bowl appearance, then for the chance that both he and the Raiders can rid themselves of some cloying appellations.

Hendricks hopes his new surroundings will allow him to shake the Mad Stork moniker bestowed on him by a University of Miami assistant. At that, it was better than its predecessor, Twiggy. The Raiders, of course, have heard too often that they are "the team that can't win the big one." But with the acquisition of Hendricks, they stand a good chance of making that slogan passé. Which is probably going to have to satisfy Hendricks, too—Mad Stork figures to be as enduring as Poe's raven even if it does send its owner ravin'.

END

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Temperatures were summer-warm and trees still green, but the season began as scheduled last weekend. When it was over, this much was known: Pittsburgh's Tony Dorsett still knows how to run, San Diego State's Craig Penrose still knows how to pass and Joe Paterno's Penn State still knows how to win. Barely. Houston, however, may never get accustomed to playing on a wet field in the Astrodome.

Dorsett had to navigate through the sloop himself as Pittsburgh cruised past Georgia 19-9 in rainy Athens. Trailing 7-6 after three quarters, the Panthers rallied to win on Dorsett's running and some quick thinking by Punter Larry Swider. Dorsett picked up only 17 yards in the first half but finished with 104 in 15 carries after sparking two fourth-period touchdown drives. Swider, meanwhile, became a hero by giving away two points. Following a poor snap deep in Panther territory midway through the final quarter, Swider earned the ball back into the end zone instead of merely falling on it at the five. This shortened Pitt's lead to 12-9 but gave the Panthers a free kick out of the danger zone. The move drew praise from Coach Johnny Majors. "I've never seen anybody think that quick in my life," he said. "I could say I'm really smart and take credit for the idea, but he did it on his own. It could have been the key play of the game." Majors was less pleased when Swider tried the same tactic last year in a loss to North Carolina. "I got caught on the two-yard line and it cost us a touchdown," Swider recalls.

The game had one other interesting twist. Georgia Running Back Kevin McLee, who is from Pennsylvania, scored the Bulldogs' only touchdown, while Panther Quarterback Robert Haygood, a Georgian, produced 96 yards of total offense.

When Penn State included Temple on its 1975 schedule nine years ago, a lot of people, including Joe Paterno, thought it was a joke. The Nittany Lions were challenging the Top Ten while Temple was playing a college-division lineup of Kings Points and Gettysburgs. In recent years, however, the Owls have been winning against a major-college schedule with such regularity that even Paterno had to admit last week, "Temple has

No run-of-the-mill-start

The season began in high stride, with Tony Dorsett grinding out the yardage as Pitt beat Georgia, and Penn State struggling to nip Temple



HELD IN CHECK DURING THE FIRST HALF, DORSETT RIPPED GEORGIA IN THE SECOND

done a great job rebuilding its program, and it should be a good series for both schools."

For the opening game, Paterno was concerned about an injury to Tailback Jimmy Cefalo and the fact that this is the youngest squad he has ever coached. His counterpart at Temple, Wayne Hardin, liked the way the game was shaping up. For one thing, his mother had flown in from California, and she had never seen her son the coach lose. Further, after a pair of 9-1 and 8-2 seasons, Hardin was not at all uncomfortable at the prospect of playing mighty Penn State. "You go back to when this game was scheduled," he said. "It would have been a 100-point spread, right? At least 60 points. Now I hear spreads of 14 and 15. I'm

thinking, 'Well, that's progress.'" As Saturday night's contest in Philadelphia showed, the Owls have almost progressed past Penn State.

On the very first play from scrimmage a record Owl crowd of 57,112 gave a hoot as Bob Harris rambled 76 yards on a draw play for a touchdown. Temple, in fact, did everything pretty well, outrushing the Lions 183 yards to 114, outpassing them 219 to 87, outkicking them three field goals to two, but not, alas, outscoring them. Penn State won when a 66-yard punt return by Woody Peschel set up Duane Taylor's second touchdown, a three-yard burst with 3:46 remaining. A two-point conversion play, following two earlier failures, made the score 26-23 and allowed the Lions to take a precautionary

continued

safety in the final seconds for a 26-25 victory.

"This is the worst," moaned Temple Middle Guard Joe Klecko afterward. "I have never taken a loss this hard before." "All you can do is put one down in the loss column," said Don Bitterlich, who kicked field goals of 19, 40 and 37 yards, "but it kind of hurts."

"You have to play football three ways," said Hardin. "Offense, defense and kicking." It was the last of the three that was Temple's undoing. Not only did Petchel set up the winning touchdown with his punt return, but Rick Mauti produced another score with a 100-yard kickoff dash. The Lions' Chris Bahr, a pro soccer player, was getting his own kicks with two field goals, including a school-record 55-yarder.

The Atlantic Coast Conference got off to a good start, winning three out of four games with ease and showing unexpected strength in the fourth. Maryland trounced Villanova 41-0 as Quarterback Mark Manges set a school record with touchdown passes of 25, 46, 38 and 41 yards. He was 13 of 18 for 280 yards, making him the top performer in the Terrapins' first opening-game win in a decade. "A game like this helps our confidence and morale," said Manges. "We proved to ourselves we could move the ball and stop others."

Manges also figures he did a good turn for his coach, Jerry Claiborne. "He's a warrior," the sophomore said. "You can see that because he's lost a lot of hair the last couple of years. I hope to be able to stop that."

Maryland's 575-to-100-yard statistical advantage would save the hair on any coach's head, but it left Villanova's Dick Bedesem scratching his. "We underestimated Maryland's talent," he admitted.

North Carolina State overcame four turnovers with outstanding defense to defeat East Carolina 26-3. "It was as poor a performance as we've had since I've been here," said Wolfpack Coach Lou Holtz. Pointing to himself, he added, "The offense was a team effort, starting here." On offense, the best showing was by Fullback Johnny Evans, who scored twice and gained 81 yards in 19 carries. Although the defense held East Carolina to 49 yards in the second half, Holtz was not completely pleased with its performance, either. "We had one goal—to

hold them scoreless," he said. "Thus we failed."

James Betterson's 92-yard return of the opening kickoff led North Carolina to a 33-7 defeat of William & Mary. The Indians were no better at kicking than they were at kick coverage. A fumbled snap and two blocked punts set up one of Tom Biddle's two field goals and two Tar Heel touchdowns, including Betterson's second.

Wake Forest gave SMU surprising trouble before losing 14-7. Mustang Defensive End David Headstream, recalling SMU's 56-10 embarrassment of the Deacons three years ago, said "Wake Forest was a lot better than I thought." Deacon players, who have won only two games the last two seasons, agreed. "We're 200% better," said Fullback Clark Gaines, who ground out 124 yards.

SMU may have been looking ahead to highly rated Florida, playing like anything but a 13½-point favorite. "They were better than we were in a lot of cases," admitted Coach Dave Smith. The Mustangs wasted some fine running by Quarterback Ricky Wesson, David Bostick and Wayne Morris by fumbling. Even so, their two first-half touchdowns held up.

Two other Southwest Conference teams also won, defending champion Baylor 20-10 over Mississippi and Houston 20-3 over Lamar. The Bears' first opening-game victory in nine years was also the Rebels' first opening-game loss in the same period. Baylor's Cleveland Franklin and Pat McNeil excelled, scoring a touchdown apiece and running for 140 and 135 yards respectively. "There'll be a whole lot of games like this one for Pat and me from now on," said Franklin confidently. To win, Baylor had to overcome the loss of Quarterback Mark Jackson, who suffered a shoulder separation in the second quarter. Looking to the rest of the season, Coach Grant Teaff said, "We'll find a way to win. Nobody ever said it would be easy."

Nor was it easy for Houston, which led Lamar by only 6-3 in the fourth quarter before scoring drives of 65 and 61 yards put the game away. John Housman scored both touchdowns on short plunges and led all ballcarriers with 99 yards. The wet field was a result of using detergent to erase the AstroDome's baseball lines. The play of both teams, with

195 yards in penalties and five turnovers, was as sloppy as the field. "We were too tight," said Coach Bill Yeoman, "but if I had my choice I'd rather work out of being too tight than being too casual."

Because of a quirk in the schedule, Mississippi State was the home team when it went to Memphis State. The Bulldogs also played like a team with a home-field advantage, winning 17-7 as Bruce Threldgill passed for one touchdown and ran for another. Memphis State Coach Richard Williamson apparently paid the winners' defense a compliment when he called it "salty."

Only five of the weekend contests were among conference brethren. Two of them came in the Mid-American, where Central Michigan stomped Western Michigan 34-0 and Ball State topped Eastern Michigan 24-14.

Central Michigan won in its debut as a major-college school following its NCAA Division II national championship last year. Tailback Walt Hodges showed the way with 137 yards in 24 carries, his 12th straight game of more than 100 yards. Another junior, Earl Taylor, gained 134 yards and scored two touchdowns in Ball State's victory. Four years ago Taylor was considered the second-best high school back in Ohio behind Archie Griffin, but he spent his freshman season playing defense at Miami of Ohio. He did not play football in 1973 and missed last year when he transferred to Ball State. The game will not count in MAC standings, however, since Eastern Michigan does not play enough league opponents to compete for the title.

Wichita State and New Mexico State got a leg up on their Missouri Valley neighbors by defeating West Texas State 13-7 and Drake State 14-10. Two fumbles deep in West Texas territory set up the field goals that made the difference in the Shockers' victory.

Fresno State bombed Cal State-Fullerton 49-7 in the PCAA opener, while league favorite San Diego State was blitzing Texas-EI Paso of the WAC 31-10. Craig Penrose completed 17 of 31 passes for 281 yards and one touchdown as the Aztecs tried only 31 running plays. Five players shared in San Diego State's scoring, including Mel Jacobs, whose 86-yard punt return broke the game open in the second period. The Aztecs outgained the visitors 412 yards to 194.

END



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Prince Albert would have been pleased and Queen Victoria might have bestowed one of her rare regal smiles; the people were enjoying themselves in the London park named after her beloved Albert's great creation, the Crystal Palace. Throughout the evening they had dropped all pretense of traditional British reserve and had bellowed lustily at the exploits of the great stars: John Walker, Rod Dixon and Marty Liquori in the mile; Steve Williams and Don Quarrie in the 200; Jim Bolding and Alan Pascoe in the 400 hurdles, Frank Shorter and Brendan Foster in the 10,000.

When the competition was over, the beat of the disco sounded in the summer night and the beer flowed in pints down the hoarse throats of the spectators and into the dehydrated bodies of the competitors. The meet, which took place on Aug. 29, had been, in effect, an end-of-term party, and the talk was all about what had been learned during the past 2½ months, the sunniest, hottest summer in northern Europe since 1945, when the world mile record stood at 4 minutes 1.4 seconds.

The starting point of any conversation was a time and a place: 3 p.m. on July 17, 1976, which is when the torch will be carried into Montreal's Olympic Stadium. That hour is more than 10 months ahead, but the decisions that will have a bearing on who stands on the victors' rostrum must be made in the next four weeks, as the knaves of track retreat to their winter quarters.

They have learned much from the busy European season that approached its end at the Crystal Palace, and the first lesson was that anyone with pretensions to a gold medal in the 1,500 had better get out and up—unless his name is Walker or Bayi.

Only once before in postwar Olympic history have two men so totally dominated that event and that was in 1968 when the 1,500 Olympic title lay at the mercy of Jim Ryun and Kip Keino. But those Games in Mexico City were unfair, since Keino had the unnatural advantage of altitude. From 1,500 meters to the marathon no athlete who did not live at altitude—or have unlimited time to train at altitude—had much chance of winning a gold medal.

Montreal is at athletic sea level, and Bayi, now living in Dar es Salaam, and

More room to run at the top

Olympic 1,500 hopefuls are moving to the 5,000, and 5,000 men to the 10,000, because of Walker and Bayi

Walker, from Auckland, are both sea-level athletes. Barring disaster, no 1,500 runner can hope to beat them. As Marty Liquori says, "I don't feel that I will ever in my life run 3:49 for the mile [Walker's new record is 3:49.4] but I do see the possibility of running 13:13 for the 5,000." That is the current world record held by the little Belgian, Eemel Puttemans.

"I've learned this year that you can't train for both the mile and the 5,000," Liquori says. "I was coming along real well when I ran 3:52.2 behind Bayi in May. Then I ran a 5,000 in the AAU in June and a week later against Walker in Helsinki in a 1,500 I had the worst last quarter of my life. I wish I could wait till the week before the Olympics and see how Walker is running and see how Brendan Foster is running in the 5,000 and then decide. But by then it will be too late to alter my training. I will have to try to make a decision before the indoor season starts."

That decision has probably already been made for him. On Aug. 12, in Göteborg, Walker proved his speed in a paced race—a race that Marty was not allowed to run in, lest he upset the carefully calculated attack on the world record. "I don't like these track politics," he says. "I had the choice of running in the 5,000 or not running at all. So I watched the mile and all I saw was a man running a time trial—nobody within 50 yards of him. Whereas the two occasions I've seen Bayi, he's been under pressure. I'm not taking anything away from John's performance—I'm sure that now

he can beat Bayi—but I'd have liked to have been in that race."

He was in the mile against Walker at the Crystal Palace and so was Mike Bolt of Kenya and Dixon of New Zealand and a host of competent Europeans. Walker had had a tiring week, a constant round of press conferences, TV interviews and receptions. "In the past three weeks," he said, "I've had more late nights, more parties, more drink, more talk—I'm beginning to sound like a parrot—than in my entire life." But this was the next to last race of his 2½-month European tour, and there was in him the resolution not to be beaten at the distance at which he is the new king.

As usual in Europe, there was a hare, a Scotsman by the name of Glen Grant. "The Scottish whisky men must be happy," said one French journalist. "Johnnie Walker is chasing Glen Grant!" Grant's pace was fast—56 seconds for the quarter, 1:55 for the half—but there was a big Pole, Michal Skowronek, holding up the pack. "This," said Liquori, "was what it will be like in the Olympic final—10 good men all pushing and shoving, the roughest race I've had in Europe."

When they came to the bell, Kenya's tall Mike Bolt was in the lead, with Liquori on his shoulder, effectively boxing in Walker. But down the backstretch Walker showed his claws, moving sideways and then forward. It was all over. Walker won in 3:53.6, Bolt was second in 3:54.9 (a personal best), followed by Dixon in 3:55.3 and Liquori in 3:55.5.

And that was Walker's last mile of the summer, a brilliant summer. Fast pace, slow pace, feeling good or suffering from a cold, he was still able to extricate himself from any situation and win. So wise runners will move up and out—into the 5,000 meters. And that worries the 5,000 specialists.

They have seen Dixon, the Olympic 1,500 bronze medalist at Munich, beat Brendan Foster, the European 5,000 champion, in a 5,000 at Foster's hometown track in Gateshead in northeast England. They have seen Liquori beat Ian Stewart, the Olympic 5,000 bronze medalist and the European indoor 3,000 champion, in a 5,000 at the Crystal Palace in early August. On both occasions fast 1,500-meter men were moving up a distance and proving that they had enough stamina to keep with the pace

continued

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TRACK & FIELD *continued*

and then outspurt the 5,000 specialists.

So what happens to those people? They, too, move up a notch. On Aug. 29, at the Crystal Palace, after Williams won the 200 in 20.3 and Pascoe took the 400 hurdles in 48.8, Foster ran his first 10,000 and he won in the fastest time of the year: 27:45.4. Frank Shorter was a stride behind in 27:45.9, the second-fastest time ever run by an American. But to Foster moving up for the 10,000 was not without its difficulties. When Shorter went out on a training run the next morning he trotted past the limping Foster who was crippled with blisters. "Suppose last night's race had been an Olympic heat," said Foster. "I wouldn't be much good in the final tomorrow, would I?"

Shorter, the 1972 Olympic marathon champion, had watched all this shunting between the distances with amusement. "Wasn't it Harry Truman who said, 'The buck stops here'?" Well, all this shifting around stops at the 10,000. They can't move up to the marathon—that is an utterly different race."

And so the runners made their exit from the European scene: Shorter to Colorado; Liqueur to Florida; Walker to New Zealand. And it is back home in Auckland that Walker's problems will start. Already the organizers of dinners and functions have made expensive satellite telephone calls, waking the runner at all hours of the night, begging him to grace their functions with his world-record presence. "I can remember what happened to Peter Snell when he came back home with his gold medals from Tokyo," Walker said. "At the end of three weeks he was a physical wreck. People just don't realize that an athlete must train and that there are only 10 months before Montreal. All I want to do now is to get out on my father's fishing boat, out onto the water away from the world and just relax and enjoy life for a few days. And then go back to work and do some easy jogging for two to three weeks before starting back into 100 miles a week."

That is when it all starts, Oct. 1, the date when the athletes must decide which race they will enter in Montreal so they can plan their training, the date when the quest for gold begins. And nothing but gold will satisfy these men. "If you run to come in second," says Frank Shorter, "then you should be sitting on a beach somewhere, just getting fat."

END

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Long Distance means business.



Bell System



The 'destiny of wild animals and birds is simply to be themselves. The ones here, in Lane Stewart photographs, appear beautiful or grotesque, nimble or lumbering, bashful or bold, elegant or comical.

They're among those displayed for the human animals at what Bill Gilbert tags the five finest zoos in the U.S.

San Diego's star gorilla is often in demand as a stud.

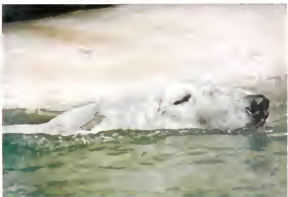
Steller's sea eagle, rare in zoos, is native to Alaska.

This cheetah has little to do but act like a kangaroo.

George L. Mountain Lion is Arizona's nicest pussycat.

The Russian polar bear keeps cool in St. Louis.

Behind giant boulders, a shy giraffe plays penkies.



CONTINUED



The lesser kudu is a mild-eyed antelope from Africa.

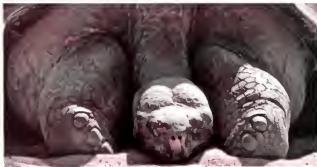
A gift from China, the panda is the superstar in Washington.

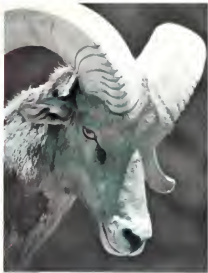
The harbor seal of the Pacific is always a crowd pleaser.

The European rosy pelican takes human beings calmly.

The huge Galápagos tortoise may soon face extinction.

Observe how the orangutan grins benignly back at man.





WHOSE ZOO?

by BIL GILBERT



The koala looks like a pudgy toy, but beware of the claws.

This desert bighorn sheep can cut up rough at times.

The North American river otter plays to the gallery.

A

re zoos for fun or instruction? For spectators or scholars? No

doubt about the dignity of their history: Egyptian pharaohs were displaying wild animals 2,000 years before the birth of Christ, and since then almost every civilized people has been zoo keeping and zoo going. No doubt about their popularity, either. In the U.S., attendance at zoos is 112 million a year, far surpassing the annual combined attendance of professional baseball, football, basketball and hockey.

The people who run them like it to be known that zoos are a considerable cut above circuses and menageries. They emphasize that zoos are centers of education, conservation and research. Well, sometimes they are. And yet zoos are enduring and popular mainly because they give pleasure. Contemplating the shapes, sizes, colors and behavior of captive wild animals can be an esthetic experience. Or putting it another way, you can have a high old time looking at them. Let's see how things are going in the best American zoos.

THE NATIONAL ZOOLOGICAL PARK

This is the most popular zoo in the country, with five million visitors annually. More important, it is one of the finest zoological collections in the world and *the* national collection. The National Zoo began casually. In the 1830s the Smithsonian Institution maintained a small collection of caged animals in a compound behind the museum. The beasts were for artists and taxidermists who might need them for museum displays. However, the wild animals became an attraction in the capital, and Congress voted funds to move them to Rock Creek Park and establish a permanent zoo administered by the Smithsonian. *continued*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IANE STEWART

In the early summer, when the native trees and imported shrubbery are in bloom and birds are flitting about the ravines of Rock Creek, the National Zoo is one of the most delightful sanctuaries in urban America. Truthfully, the NZP is not now at its best, nor will it be for some while. Construction crews dominate the scene. But be tolerant of this intrusion. It is part of a \$40 million expansion and restoration project, which was badly needed to maintain the NZP's position among the great zoos of the world. The turn-of-the-century cages and buildings had become increasingly unsightly, obsolete and even unsafe; the exhibit specimens, older and shabbier. The Dog Walk, a row of dank metal pens on a ravine floor, displayed a collection of ratty, dispirited looking wild dogs in what had to be one of the most disagreeable zoo exhibits ever assembled. Now the Dog Walk has mercifully been razed.

The turning point in the zoo's decline came during the Kennedy administration. Young John Kennedy served as a FONZ volunteer (Friends of the National Zoo) and often took part in "preg watches" (sitting up all night to watch and listen to gravid tigers and bears). Sending one's children to zoos became Washington chic, and it has remained so. The city being what it is, this fashionable interest has been converted into appropriations.

Among the more visible results is a magnificent walk-through aviary, the outdoor section of which is enclosed under a swooping, free-form canopy of gauzy mesh. It is the architectural spectacular of the NZP. Many of the new exhibits depart boldly from old styles of design and display. In the renovated monkey house that opened this summer, the enclosures are furnished with what amounts to pieces of wood sculpture upon which the animals exercise and play. The shapes are visually interesting and test runs indicated that the monkeys find them entertaining.

While enlarging its facilities, the NZP has been reducing the number of animals it displays. Since 1962, more than 200 species have been dropped, leaving about 600 on the rolls, a total that ranks only 12th among American zoos. However, Theodore Reed, the NZP director, is proud rather than apologetic about this reduction. "Stamp collecting [competition among zoos to acquire the most and rarest animals] is pretty much a thing of the past," he says. "Mainstream zoos should exhibit the classic animals, but in other areas competition on the basis of numbers doesn't make much sense. An exhibit of 50 primates may not be as interesting for the general visitor as one of 25, and the chances are the zoo will do a better job with fewer animals."

Generally, the less-is-better philosophy has been vindicated at the NZP by the reproductive activity, a traditional measure of the well-being of captive animals. Since 1962, the reproductive rate has increased from 220 births among 68 species to 421 births among 75 species.

Probably the best-known animals of the NZP are the giant pandas that arrived in 1972 from The People's Republic of China, a gift more significant diplomatically than zoologically. The pandas are housed in a large indoor-outdoor building vaguely suggesting a suburban split-level home. Splendid as the complex is, the pandas are not exceptional zoo exhibits, tending to be retiring, more out of natural sloth than timidity. Two nearby displays, one of kangaroos and another of meerkats—perky little relatives

of the mongoose—are on all counts but fame better exhibits. The animals are lively and relaxed, the enclosures attractive and a visitor can watch the meerkats and kangaroos without being jostled.

Nevertheless, the pandas remain the superstars of the Washington zoo and have drawn an extra million visitors. A number of Washington VIPs have wanted pictures of themselves and their constituents with the pandas and it has become a traditional function of the NZP to cope with such PR situations, especially when a foreign government or politician decided to donate a wild animal. Because of this, some excellent bears, elephants, tigers, goats and other beasts have come to the zoo, but so have some special problems. Donors expect the zoo to provide important and prominent display areas for their gifts and tend to be impatient and unsympathetic when these are slow in coming. Celebrity animals require celebrity treatment. Being a politically dependent institution in the most political of cities, the NZP does what it must do in these matters.

With all its concerns, the NZP still manages to be one of the leading research zoos in the world. Currently, \$700,000 a year is budgeted to support 40 projects. For example, the zoo's chief veterinarian, Clinton Grey, is now developing a method for making reversible contraceptive implants in big cats. Felines breed so readily in captivity that disposing of lion, tiger and leopard kittens is a real problem. Since it is becoming more difficult to find and collect these animals in the wild, nobody wants to sterilize the zoo stock, and separating the sexes increases management problems and may alter behavior. A reversible contraceptive would allow young animals to be produced more or less on a space-available basis. Other scientists working with NZP have recently investigated such complicated matters as social weaning among three-toed sloths, the activity patterns of silky anteaters and the role of olfaction in the mating behavior of hamsters.

"We feel that beyond its responsibility to the visiting public, a major zoo has a responsibility to other species," says Ted Reed. "So we support general zoological research. Another obvious way to help is by providing a sanctuary for some species. The Père David's deer and Przewalski's horse, for example, are two beasts that no longer survive in the wild. Their native habitat is now a zoo. The Siberian tiger, Arabian oryx, golden marmoset and a good many others may very shortly be in this category. If breeding populations can be established in zoos, maybe in time we can find ways to reestablish them in the wild. Or at least preserve some of these critically endangered animals as we preserve great works of art. The unique genetic combination that makes up a living species is of course irreplaceable."

THE BRONX ZOO

The Bronx opened in 1899 largely because a group of wealthy New Yorkers—Roosevelts, Carnegies, Osborns, La Farges, Roots and Grants—felt it unseemly that Washington and Philadelphia should have zoos while their city did not.

Through the years affluent New Yorkers have done as much for the Bronx—occasionally even leading zoological field parties—as diplomats, politicians and federal agencies have done for the NZP. Because of its wealth and

continued

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influence, the Bronx became the first American zoo to exhibit musk oxen, gorillas, okapis, king penguins and a duckbill platypus.

The Bronx may also have been the first and last U.S. zoo to exhibit a man, although European zoos frequently showed men in what were called ethnographic displays. Ota Benga, a Congo pygmy brought over for the St. Louis World's Fair, decided he didn't want to go back home when the fair closed. An arrangement was made to "board" him at the Bronx zoo for a few weeks in September 1906. The zoo director, William Hornaday, explained that by having Ota Benga cavort about in the chimp cage he was only placing the "interesting little African where the people of New York may see him without annoyance or discomfort to him." However, the display caused howls of public protest. Ota Benga left the zoo, was passed along as the ward of various individuals and charitable groups, until he committed suicide near Lynchburg, Va.

The Bronx, like its longtime institutional colleague and competitor, the National, found itself in modernity with a plant that was growing increasingly run-down and unattractive and it, too, has embarked on construction and renovation projects, though not as costly or extensive as those going on in Washington.

One of the most interesting and ingenious is the World of Darkness, a unique complex in which the visitor walks

through darkened halls, past glass-fronted enclosures dimly lit with bluish or reddish lights. Each alcove is devoted to an environmentally homogeneous group of nocturnal mammals—birds, reptiles and amphibians—many of which would not be active in a conventionally lighted display. The best of the many fine World of Darkness alcoves is a recreation of a Caribbean limestone cave. Many fanciers feel that in no other zoo are bats, for obvious reasons hard to exhibit, so well displayed.

Of the new Bronx exhibits the most publicized and costly is the World of Birds. This is a 30,000-square-foot skylighted aviary displaying 200 species. The building, which was opened three years ago, cost \$4 million, donated by Lila Acheson Wallace, a co-founder of *Reader's Digest*.

To some, the World of Birds aviary may seem overrated, less effective perhaps than the simpler aquatic birdhouse that has a lovely group of puffins displayed against simulated sea cliffs, over and around which surges an artificial tide. In the World of Birds the lavish plantings sometimes seem to overwhelm the occupants. There is a feeling about the place that it is as much a showcase for money, technology and the designers' arts as it is for birds.

The display signs of the new building are bright and slick and ferociously message-directed. More often than not, the message bears down heavily on the only-man-is-vile thesis of popular ecology. One Bronx sign, appearing

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just below a mirror, reads, THIS ANIMAL . . . IS THE ONLY CREATURE THAT HAS EVER KILLED OFF ENTIRE SPECIES OF OTHER ANIMALS.

THE ST. LOUIS ZOO

Following the collapse of the Roman Empire, the great zoos of antiquity were abandoned. Now and then a potentate or prelate would put together a menagerie, but it was largely for the amusement of the upper classes. However, between 1765 and 1865, as a result of new affluence and geographical and zoological discoveries, public zoos were founded. Many of the best were in European cities—Berlin, Frankfurt, Cologne, Dresden, Hamburg, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Vienna, Bern. The zoological parks became important cultural centers, places where city people congregated, socialized and were entertained.

In the U.S. this old tradition of the zoo as an urban amenity has flourished best in the midland metropolises—Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Detroit, Milwaukee, St. Louis—which, not coincidentally, are workmen's cities with sizable populations of Middle European descent. It is difficult to choose among Midwestern zoos, but any fancier who has missed St. Louis is in the position of a Sherlock Holmes fan who has not read *The Hound of the Baskervilles*.

Set in Forest Park, the roomy and heavily wooded site of the 1904 World's Fair, the zoo and grounds have a kind of urbanity about them, and the zoo is cleaner than others of its size. The crowds seem to be more leisurely than in Washington or New York and the kids less inclined to throw stones and insults at the animals. There are police, as there must be now in any city zoo, but they are mounted on horses, a touch that helps sustain the gentle turn-of-the-century atmosphere. (Putting a horse still gives city children more satisfaction than kicking a motorcycle.)

All in all, the impression is that *Gemütlichkeit* prevails. Nowhere is this agreeability more evident than at the foot of a series of pools and cascades flowing through the main pedestrian mall. The promenade overlooks a pool of incessantly active sea lions. Above, a fine pair of river otters have a clear creek pool and a stretch of lawn on which to scamper and chatter. Across a lake filled with uncaged waterfowl are the Bear Pits, which though built in 1921 are still considered the best in the world. St. Louis being St. Louis, good beer is also served on this terrace. It is a grand place to idle away half an hour.

The style of the exhibits contributes to a sense of spaciousness that causes St. Louis to appear less cluttered and crowded than the Eastern zoos. The monkey house is a good example. The building is dominated by a very large enclosure holding four colobus monkeys—large, showy black and white animals with elegant fringed coats. The cage, a traditional barred structure, is roomy but not fancy and furnished sparsely with swings, limbs and platforms. Small but immaculately clean cages displaying a representative collection of other small primates encircle the rest of the building. However, the colobus monkeys are the focus of the building and give a better sense of "monkeyness" than would be the case if the center piece were divided into smaller alcoves with more species.

St. Louis is not a major research institution, but rather a

busy educational center. Some 35,000 St. Louis schoolchildren come to the zoo either for short summer courses or on guided tours. Local universities offer behavior and biology courses, which meet regularly at the zoo. St. Louis has had notable success in managing rare and endangered species. It is the only zoo with a breeding herd of Speke's gazelles and one of the few where black lemurs have been propagated. Recently, a pleasant three-acre tract of woods and grassland was set aside as a Cheetah Survival Center. It is stocked with four of these cats, which are the objects of continuing observation in hopes that information collected may facilitate future breeding. The survival center is an experimental project, but it is also open to the public. No attempt has been made to disguise the Missouri glade as an African scene, and because of this restraint it is one of the more attractive cheetah exhibitions in the country.

Not open for public display is an environmental chamber for tuataras, located in the basement of the Reptile House. The tuatara is a primitive reptile, one of the surviving links to the age of the dinosaurs. It is found only on a few New Zealand islands. The government of New Zealand has permitted the export of a very few pairs to major zoos, in hopes of establishing breeding colonies. Last year the St. Louis pair laid 11 eggs in the temperature-, humidity- and light-controlled terrarium. The eggs, the first produced in this country, were infertile, but the prospects for future hatchlings are thought promising.

A splendid feature at St. Louis is the Charles Yalem Children's Zoo, a thoughtfully designed compound opened in 1969. Children's areas have been installed in many zoos and most feature some sort of supervised child-animal contact program. St. Louis has developed this sort of intimacy to perhaps its ultimate limits. Children can not only mingle with and touch the traditional kids, fawns, llamas and guinea pigs but also Kodiak bears, timber wolves, jaguars, kangaroos, ferrets, kinkajous, birds of prey and pythons. Thus far there have been no accidents or unfortunate incidents.

THE SAN DIEGO ZOO

It did not get its start in the world as the ward of a public agency or a committee of affluent Establishment leaders. Rather, the San Diego Zoo was the inspiration and creation of a physician, Harry Wegeforth, who in 1916 decided his city needed such a place. Wegeforth devoted 25 years and his formidable promotional talents toward achieving this end. During hard times, which were frequent in the early days, Wegeforth was not above begging seal food from fishing boats, putting clandestine taps on the San Diego water mains, or staging, as a fund raiser, a battle royal between a king snake and a rattlesnake. On one occasion, Wegeforth wanted a pair of elephants but did not have the money to pay for them. He approached a potential donor, who said he would only pay for white elephants, whereupon Wegeforth had a keeper douse the elephants with talcum powder. The ruse did not fool the moneyman, but its audacity charmed him, and the check for the elephants was forthcoming.

While the San Diego Zoo no longer has to resort to such outrageous hustles, the need to support itself by its own devices remains. Though it is located in Balboa Park on municipal land, only about 2% of the Zoological Society's

continued

\$14 million yearly budget (far and away the largest of any zoo in the country) is contributed by the city. Otherwise it is dependent upon donations, gate receipts and concession sales. An interesting consequence rises from this situation: San Diego is ahead of all zoos in employing public relations people: it has eight, the Bronx two, Washington two and St. Louis only one.

"We can maintain and improve this zoo only if we generate income," says Charles Bickel, one of the few major zoo directors with a sales rather than a zoological background. "In Southern California there are 14 big outdoor attractions—Disneyland, Knott's Berry Farm, Sea World, etc.—and all of us are competing for the entertainment dollar. We promote and market our attraction aggressively, because it is a matter of survival and we think the survival of this institution is important."

Few zoo fanciers would dispute Bickel's point that the San Diego Zoo is worth saving. With 1,100 species and subspecies and 4,000 specimens, San Diego's is by far the largest terrestrial collection in the U.S. More than a hundred species are officially regarded as rare or endangered, and other animals, such as the koalas (which are among the superstars), are seldom seen in zoo displays. San Diego has especially good and varied exhibits of marsupials, primates, felines, wild dogs, antelope, waterfowl, pheasants, parrots, birds of prey, turtles, tortoises and snakes.

The zoo and its adjunct, the Wild Animal Park, constitute one of the premier breeding institutions in the world. Fifty-four species of mammals reproduced at the zoo last year. A recent coup for the park involved cheetahs, which reproduced successfully for the first time in an American zoo. Good management and weather have contributed to the propagation record, but necessity may also have had something to do with it. Ever since the days of Harry Wegeforth, disposing of zoo-bred animals has been an important source of income. The \$100,000 or so the San Diego Zoo spends annually to acquire new specimens is obtained by selling or trading animals it has raised.

In San Diego, zoological stamp collecting is not viewed as it is at other zoos. "One reason reducing collections is so fashionable right now is that a lot of the old-line zoos are in financial trouble," says Clyde Hill, the curator of mammals. "To a degree it is a matter of rationalizing what they are forced to do. I still believe that it is important for the public and important for zoological reasons to have a few major zoos which maintain comprehensive collections. For example, a pair of chimpanzees may be sufficient for a smaller, essentially local zoo, but here we exhibit two species and three subspecies, 12 animals in all. I think displaying variety in a family, a species, a genus is worthwhile."

The strength and to some extent weakness of the comprehensive approach is illustrated by the San Diego collection of Canidae, which includes 13 species and subspecies of wolves, foxes and wild dogs. The variety is unmatched and is a treat for those with a special interest in this family. However, many visitors seem to walk briskly by the display, giving the impression that once they have seen one or two dogs they have seen them all. There is some reason for this. The dog runs are located on the side of a canyon, ranked one next to the other. The enclosures are adequate, each a

series of unadorned concrete ledges, but being so similar they make it appear that an Arctic fox is more or less the same as an Australian dingo.

There are exceptions—the reptile area, a secluded compound of outdoor pits and indoor glass-fronted cages is a marvelous collection *and* exhibit—but generally there are too many displays in San Diego and they are too crowded. (San Diego is a relatively small zoo—only 100 acres.) A magnificent botanical display brightens the grounds but cannot disguise the fact that many of the cages, pits and corals seem to have been jerry-built and are becoming old and shabby.

In fairness to the San Diego Zoo staff, which is aware of the deficiencies and anxious to correct them, it should be noted that while maintaining the mighty Balboa Park collection it has also built what amounts to a branch zoo, as modern and innovative as anybody could wish for. This is the Wild Animal Park, opened in 1972 after 10 years of planning and construction. It is located on an 1,800-acre tract 30 miles from downtown, against the flank of the Coastal Range Mountains.

The principal feature of the WAP is a series of large fenced fields that have been cleared of the native chaparral (and as far as possible, of coyotes, rattlesnakes and ground squirrels) and stocked with mixed herds of exotic beasts. At present, most of the animals are from Africa and Asia, with hoofed stock predominating, though there are large lion, tiger and cheetah paddocks.

Visitors are taken past the enclosures on a monorail. There is also a pleasant mile-long hiking trail, but it does not extend into the center of the park. The monorail provides many overviews of large free-roaming herds and family groups, which would not be available to a pedestrian. The major drawback to the monorail is that the riders are a captive audience for the tour conductors, who offer a non-stop Disneyland dialogue:

"I want to warn you folks about leaning against the door. We are passing directly over the lions and they haven't been fed yet."

"It takes 54 minutes to boil an ostrich egg. I guess ostrich eggs will never make it big as a commuter breakfast."

"Now there, folks, you see a peacock displaying his plumage. Eat your heart out, NBC."

To enter the Wild Animal Park, one walks through a beautifully designed aviary, which may be one of the most attractive entrances anywhere. The theme of the central WAP plaza is aggressively California-African. There is the Thorn Tree Terrace (a restaurant), the Mombasa Cooker (a snack bar), the Kraal (a children's contact zoo), the Simba Station (the Wagon Bush Line monorail depot) and a Congo River fishing village that juts out over a rushing waterfall. All of which looks a lot better than it sounds. The buildings are new, clean and fun in a carnival kind of way. There is a lot of clear, flowing water, which is always appealing in parched Southern California. Below a lagoon filled with waterfowl and trimmed with flowering plants is a roomy exhibit of lowland gorillas.

There may be considerable gimmickry about the San Diego Wild Animal Park, but it is entertaining gimmickry and does not detract from the fact that this is an important experiment in keeping, managing and displaying animals

continued



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THE ARIZONA-SONORA DESERT MUSEUM

A small institution outside of Tucson, the ASDM is in the tradition of the transcendental naturalist, the tradition that has also given us Walden Pond and the Sierra Club.

The ASDM was established 23 years ago through the efforts of two men: Bill Carr, an iconoclastic naturalist who had previously created the nature trails and trailside museum system at Bear Mountain Park in New York; and Arthur Pack, a long-time patron of worthy nature projects. Since its creation, the ASDM has developed along the lines Carr and Pack envisioned, a place where nature is celebrated as well as displayed and explained. The Desert Museum draws 400,000 people a year; not a huge number, comparatively, but enough so that officials are beginning to think about limiting visitors. They don't want the problems that go with the crowds at other zoos. Donations, bequests and fees from members, 7,000 of whom are located across the nation and the world, come close to equaling gate receipts, and the zoo can probably afford to turn cash customers away.

The patrons of the Desert Museum are an especially sophisticated lot. They are often people who have memorized their Petersons, read their Klauber and Krutch and have come to Tucson especially to visit this establishment. When they get there they tend to look at it slowly, studiously and lovingly. Indicative of the character of both the place and its customers is the fact that the ASDM is probably the only institution of its kind that does not employ armed guards during visiting hours.

The ASDM staff has always objected to its exhibitions being thought of as "just a zoo." "None of us are old-style zoo types," says Merv Larson, the present director, principal designer and guru. "The staff is largely made up of people who have an interest in natural history, some talent for building things and who want to experiment with finding ways to communicate their ideas and feelings about natural history. We try to display and describe certain features of this particular region."

Museum-style exhibits deal with such phenomena as plant succession, the effect of rainfall, drought, erosion, ranching and agriculture in this desert region. The famous Tunnel Exhibit is a gallery of underground dens occupied by living desert creatures that a visitor can illuminate with switches. What many believe will be the finest exhibit of its kind anywhere, the Earth Sciences Center, is now being constructed. It is a beautiful display of geological phenomena set inside a limestone cave so realistically created that in the walk and climb through it, visitors will have experiences not unlike those of spelunkers in wild caverns. Among other things, the grotto will be furnished with pack rats, cave amphibians and bats that are free to come and go.

Ingenious as the museum displays are, sensitive as the ASDM is about being called a zoo, it is the frankly zoological exhibits that have been responsible for the popularity of the place. Though it has only about 220 species, all of which are native to Arizona or Sonora, the ASDM nevertheless offers a better collection of North American fauna than any other zoo in the country. Beyond being a rec-

ommendation for the Desert Museum, this illustrates a glaring weakness of American zoos. Despite pious talk about conservation education, most zoos generally either ignore or, in comparison to exotic imports, perfunctorily display North American fauna, the animals whose fates are most directly affected by the zoo-going public.

The location of the Desert Museum has enabled it to be an interesting zoo while showing only animals found nearby. The area that includes Arizona and the Mexican states of Sonora and the two Bajas encompasses an enormous variety of habitats: the desert, of course, but also subtropical swamps, deciduous woodlands, prairies, cold-water streams and pools, Alpine meadows and crags. In consequence, this is one of the richest zoological areas of the world. A regional zoo in Arizona can (as one in Indiana cannot) legitimately display creatures that for most Americans are exotic. The ASDM exhibits six species of cats; also, bears, wolves, a variety of hoofed stock, curious lesser beasts such as the coati mundi, a great many flashy birds and impressive-to-spooky reptiles.

High-fidelity naturalism, placing animals from scorpions, frogs and small rodents on up in exceptionally accurate habitat tableaux, is the essential style of the Desert Museum. The results are remarkable. For example, meeting a bobcat in one of the grottoes at the ASDM is visually very much like meeting it in a dry gulch in the Baboquivari Mountains, which are in fact visible from the museum grounds through the surrounding forests of saguaro cacti. With all the artful rock work in the world, the same experience cannot be created by putting an African lion in the remains of an Eastern woodland thicket and showing him against the sights, sounds and smells of the Bronx.

There are moments when naturalism is pushed close to its limits at the Desert Museum. Occasionally, a bobcat, among other examples, will drift down from the mountains, slip through the saguaros and show up on the museum grounds. Or a terrible squeal will now and then be heard. It signifies that a wild rabbit or ground squirrel in the course of foraging has wandered into a cat grotto and there, naturally, become the prey of a cat, just as he might in the Baboquivari.

Perhaps the loveliest of the ASDM tableaux is a pair of stream-fed cottonwood shaded pools, like those sometimes found gouged out of rock in the mountains of southern Arizona. They are constructed so that visitors are provided with both overlooking and underwater views of river otters, beavers, associated waterfowl, fish and amphibians. There are some well-traveled fanciers who believe these are the best zoo exhibits in the world, suggesting the possibility that zoological display can be raised to the level of fine art.

Such judgments are, of course, a matter of opinion, so perhaps a collective opinion makes a logical conclusion to consideration of the ASDM. In the course of talking about this and that, Ted Reed, the director of the National Zoo, Wayne King, the Bronx Director of Conservation, Charlie Hoessle, the St. Louis general curator, and Clyde Hill, the San Diego curator of mammals, were all asked the same question: If they had unlimited time and the urge to take a busman's holiday, what American zoo, other than their own, would they visit? Without much qualification or hesitation, all four selected the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. **END**

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- ☐ Johnny Miller 1G1
- ☐ Sergei Zinoviev 7B4

- ☐ Julius Erving 17B1
- ☐ Walt Frazier 9B2
- ☐ Gail Goodrich BK501
- ☐ John Havlicek 3B1
- ☐ Connie Hawkins 14B42
- ☐ Spencer Haywood 15B24
- ☐ Kareem Abdul-Jabbar 8B1
- ☐ Bob McAdoo 4B1
- ☐ Geoff Petrie 16B2
- ☐ Jerry West 7B2
- ☐ Sidney Wicks 16B1

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Sept. 1-7

ROWING—**GAIL GREEN** of Los Angeles won his first title, the \$25,000 Columbia 300 Open at Detroit, after five years as a touring professional. Green defeated Matt Sarina 232-215 for the \$6,000 first-place check.

BOXING—Mexico's **ALFONSO ZAMORA** topped Transpac Superfight of Thailand in the fourth round to retain his WBA lightweight title, in Anaheim, Calif.

PRO FOOTBALL—**NFL**: In a controversially played game, St. Louis edged Minnesota 13-16. Although it has a 1-2 exhibition record, St. Louis has not posted more than 14 points a game. The Rams scored their 13th in the second quarter and went on to beat Philadelphia 19-10 after a 17-13 in Los Angeles. Ken Stabler of Oakland completed six of eight passes for 171 yards and two TDs in a 31-20 defeat of the Dallas Cowboys. Cincinnati boosted past Detroit 22-14. Raulo Dese Green connecting on field goals from the 10, 37 and 49. Miami beat Chicago 21-10. Buffalo's John Lylepich led a 17-10 lead with 1:04 to go in edge Atlanta 18-14. Kansas City rolled over Green Bay 31-13. Pittsburgh tallied twice in the last five minutes to beat New Orleans 24-13. San Francisco coasted Denver 48-10. New England stopped San Diego 24-20, the New York Giants were upended by Cleveland 24-20, and Washington fell to the New York Jets 35-31.

WFL: Ken Cavallaro scored three touchdowns in Birmingham's 26-8 win over Portland. Charlotte and Philadelphia were winners until the fourth quarter when the Hornets erupted for 18 points. Don Higginbotham's 27-yard TD run and Pete Rapisarda's 37-yard field goal. Jacksonville's Alford Harris scored the ball 19 yards for 123 yards and one TD in a 22-15 defeat of the St. Petersburg Vipers. San Antonio took over first in the Western Division by sweeping Southern California 36-8. Memphis, in the last, beat the Hawaiian 31-17.

GOLF—British Open champion **TOM WATSON** ended an even-par 140 for 36 holes to finish two strokes ahead of Jack Nicklaus and won the World Series of Golf at Pinecroft Country Club in Akron, Watson posted \$50,000.

CAROL MAHN finished with a one-under-par 71 and an eight-under 218 total to win the \$4,000 Dallas Open by five strokes over Sandra Palmer at a Houston-area Country Club. Mahn collected \$5,200 for the victory.

HUBERT GREEN charged past John Schneider with a 64-under-par 54 under-par 64 and a combined 108-under-par 204 total to win the \$100,000 Southern Open by three strokes at Green Island Country Club in Columbus, Ga. Green picked up \$20,000 for his first triumph of the season.

Earlier in the week **DON IVESON** took a final-round 68 to win his first pro tournament, the \$275,000 B.C. Open, with a 10-under-par 274 total, one stroke better than Jim Colbert and David Graham, at 12-under. Golf Club in Woodstock, N.Y. Iveson picked up \$15,000 for first place.

HORSE RACING—**SOY NUMERO UNO** (53-20), Jimmy Wynn's in the saddle, Best Jacked by 2 1/4 lengths in the 96th running of the \$117,560 Fasigley for 2-year-olds at Belmont Park, N.Y. The colt's time for the 6 1/2 furlongs was 1:17 1/4.

WALJIMA (57-40), Bralton Bessa aboard, edged past Footstall Pussie in the last furlong to win the \$113,380 Governor by a head at Islip. The winning time was 1:47 1/4 for the 1 1/4 miles. Amoret Tyle took third and two-weighted Forge won fourth in the same field.

Henry Burgess guided **BUGS ALIVE** in 75 (36-40) in a 1 1/4-length victory over Chuck Cold in the \$366,000 All American Futurity at Hialeah Downs, N. Me. Bugs Alive is 73 owned the 440-yard sprint for quarter horses at 21.80 seconds.

DEARLY PRECIOUS (52-86), ridden by Michael Hele, beat Frost Journey for four lengths in the \$112,140 Arlington-Las Vegas for 2-year-olds in Arlington Park for his eighth consecutive stakes win. Dearly Precious was stocked in 1:11 1/4 for the six furlongs.

LEWISBEE—**NFL**: After two games in a best-of-seven playoff series, Long Island and Quebec were tied at one victory each. The winner went to the Toronto 19-11, but in the second game Quebec's Gussit Larry Semler stopped 51 of 61 Toronto's shots; a goal in a 50-30 Carolina won in the Montreal-Boston games, the Bulls grabbed an early 2-1 lead. Montreal won the first game 16-10. The Bulls came back with 9-7 and 16-14 victories. Brian Welford of Boston scored five goals in the third game, a playoff record.

WATER SPORTS—**CLAY REGAZZONI**, at the wheel of a 10-cruiser 1117, led even start to finish to win the Italian Grand Prix in Monte Ne. He finished in 1:22.42, an average of 116 mph in the 22-lap, 10-mile race. Nick LAUTON of Australia won the World Drivers' Championship by coming in third.

A. J. Foyt's last charge fell short as **TOM BICE**—driving a Ford-powered roadster, edged to his fourth time 180 yards ahead and won the 22nd annual Rooster Hamilton in Indianapolis.

BOBBY ALLISON held off a last-minute challenge by Richard Petty to win the Southern 500 stock race by three-quarters of a lap at Darlington (S.C.) International Raceway.

SOCCER—**ASL**: Boston won the Northern Division, defeating Connecticut 4-1 to advance to the playoff against Midwestern Interlake Cleveland. Jose Bazo of the Astros scored his league-leading goal total to 23 when he scored twice against the Yankees. The New York Apollos, which fired Coach Nick Kardinos, won their first playoff with a 2-1 victory over the defending champion Rhode Island by scoring two goals in the 10th minute.

TENNIS—Third-seeded **MANUEL ORANTE** of Spain defeated 10th-seeded Jimmy Connors 6-4, 6-3, 6-1 in the men's singles final and **CHRIS EMT** pulled out a 5-7, 6-4, 6-2 final victory over Evonne Cawley at the U.S. Open in Forest Hills, N.Y. (over 16).

WATER SKIING—**LIZ ALLEN SHETTER** of Greenwood, Pa. won two of the three individual gold medals and was the women's overall world title for the fourth year, at Thompson Park, England. Fifteen-year-old Carlos, Ramirez of Venezuela won the men's championship, on the strength of a world record performance at the trials competition.

MILWAUKEE—**ENGINEER** The NCAA, by U.S. Circuit Judge Sam C. Posner Jr., from enforcing a 48-player trading limit for football teams. A new challenge to the legality of the newly adopted measure was brought by the University of Alabama.

EXPILLER—The Chicago Winds franchise of the WFL, by a vote of the league's board of governors, for failing "below reasonable" expectations, were notified when two weeks' notice was given that \$15,000 deposit. The team drew 3,474 in its only home game this season.

REQUESTED: Applaud in the U.S. by MARTINA NAVRATILOVA, former Czech Communist Party member, from the Immigration and Naturalization Service in New York City. Navratilova, who has played on the Virginia Slims circuit for the past two years, has been granted a temporary stay, pending review of her application.

RETIRED: Handicapped runner **ROBERTS**, after suffering a severe stroke hemorrhage before the start of a race at Woodward Raceway in Detroit. The 3-year-old runner, who has earned more than \$100,000, was found at dead at Canton Farm in Lexington, Ky.

RETIRED: **JIM OTTO**, 37, owner for the Oakland Raiders, since the team's founding in 1960. In 13 seasons OTO, wearing No. 90, started 120 consecutive games, a professional record. He will become the Raiders' business manager.

CREDITS

4.—John Larson, 16, 17.—Tony Fols, Jerry Drake (D), 18.—James Drake, 20.—21.—22.—23.—24.—25.—26.—27.—28.—29.—30.—31.—32.—33.—34.—35.—36.—37.—38.—39.—40.—41.—42.—43.—44.—45.—46.—47.—48.—49.—50.—51.—52.—53.—54.—55.—56.—57.—58.—59.—60.—61.—62.—63.—64.—65.—66.—67.—68.—69.—70.—71.—72.—73.—74.—75.—76.—77.—78.—79.—80.—81.—82.—83.—84.—85.—86.—87.—88.—89.—90.—91.—92.—93.—94.—95.—96.—97.—98.—99.—100.—101.—102.—103.—104.—105.—106.—107.—108.—109.—110.—111.—112.—113.—114.—115.—116.—117.—118.—119.—120.—121.—122.—123.—124.—125.—126.—127.—128.—129.—130.—131.—132.—133.—134.—135.—136.—137.—138.—139.—140.—141.—142.—143.—144.—145.—146.—147.—148.—149.—150.—151.—152.—153.—154.—155.—156.—157.—158.—159.—160.—161.—162.—163.—164.—165.—166.—167.—168.—169.—170.—171.—172.—173.—174.—175.—176.—177.—178.—179.—180.—181.—182.—183.—184.—185.—186.—187.—188.—189.—190.—191.—192.—193.—194.—195.—196.—197.—198.—199.—200.—201.—202.—203.—204.—205.—206.—207.—208.—209.—210.—211.—212.—213.—214.—215.—216.—217.—218.—219.—220.—221.—222.—223.—224.—225.—226.—227.—228.—229.—230.—231.—232.—233.—234.—235.—236.—237.—238.—239.—240.—241.—242.—243.—244.—245.—246.—247.—248.—249.—250.—251.—252.—253.—254.—255.—256.—257.—258.—259.—260.—261.—262.—263.—264.—265.—266.—267.—268.—269.—270.—271.—272.—273.—274.—275.—276.—277.—278.—279.—280.—281.—282.—283.—284.—285.—286.—287.—288.—289.—290.—291.—292.—293.—294.—295.—296.—297.—298.—299.—300.—301.—302.—303.—304.—305.—306.—307.—308.—309.—310.—311.—312.—313.—314.—315.—316.—317.—318.—319.—320.—321.—322.—323.—324.—325.—326.—327.—328.—329.—330.—331.—332.—333.—334.—335.—336.—337.—338.—339.—340.—341.—342.—343.—344.—345.—346.—347.—348.—349.—350.—351.—352.—353.—354.—355.—356.—357.—358.—359.—360.—361.—362.—363.—364.—365.—366.—367.—368.—369.—370.—371.—372.—373.—374.—375.—376.—377.—378.—379.—380.—381.—382.—383.—384.—385.—386.—387.—388.—389.—390.—391.—392.—393.—394.—395.—396.—397.—398.—399.—400.—401.—402.—403.—404.—405.—406.—407.—408.—409.—410.—411.—412.—413.—414.—415.—416.—417.—418.—419.—420.—421.—422.—423.—424.—425.—426.—427.—428.—429.—430.—431.—432.—433.—434.—435.—436.—437.—438.—439.—440.—441.—442.—443.—444.—445.—446.—447.—448.—449.—450.—451.—452.—453.—454.—455.—456.—457.—458.—459.—460.—461.—462.—463.—464.—465.—466.—467.—468.—469.—470.—471.—472.—473.—474.—475.—476.—477.—478.—479.—480.—481.—482.—483.—484.—485.—486.—487.—488.—489.—490.—491.—492.—493.—494.—495.—496.—497.—498.—499.—500.—501.—502.—503.—504.—505.—506.—507.—508.—509.—510.—511.—512.—513.—514.—515.—516.—517.—518.—519.—520.—521.—522.—523.—524.—525.—526.—527.—528.—529.—530.—531.—532.—533.—534.—535.—536.—537.—538.—539.—540.—541.—542.—543.—544.—545.—546.—547.—548.—549.—550.—551.—552.—553.—554.—555.—556.—557.—558.—559.—560.—561.—562.—563.—564.—565.—566.—567.—568.—569.—570.—571.—572.—573.—574.—575.—576.—577.—578.—579.—580.—581.—582.—583.—584.—585.—586.—587.—588.—589.—590.—591.—592.—593.—594.—595.—596.—597.—598.—599.—600.—601.—602.—603.—604.—605.—606.—607.—608.—609.—610.—611.—612.—613.—614.—615.—616.—617.—618.—619.—620.—621.—622.—623.—624.—625.—626.—627.—628.—629.—630.—631.—632.—633.—634.—635.—636.—637.—638.—639.—640.—641.—642.—643.—644.—645.—646.—647.—648.—649.—650.—651.—652.—653.—654.—655.—656.—657.—658.—659.—660.—661.—662.—663.—664.—665.—666.—667.—668.—669.—670.—671.—672.—673.—674.—675.—676.—677.—678.—679.—680.—681.—682.—683.—684.—685.—686.—687.—688.—689.—690.—691.—692.—693.—694.—695.—696.—697.—698.—699.—700.—701.—702.—703.—704.—705.—706.—707.—708.—709.—710.—711.—712.—713.—714.—715.—716.—717.—718.—719.—720.—721.—722.—723.—724.—725.—726.—727.—728.—729.—730.—731.—732.—733.—734.—735.—736.—737.—738.—739.—740.—741.—742.—743.—744.—745.—746.—747.—748.—749.—750.—751.—752.—753.—754.—755.—756.—757.—758.—759.—760.—761.—762.—763.—764.—765.—766.—767.—768.—769.—770.—771.—772.—773.—774.—775.—776.—777.—778.—779.—780.—781.—782.—783.—784.—785.—786.—787.—788.—789.—790.—791.—792.—793.—794.—795.—796.—797.—798.—799.—800.—801.—802.—803.—804.—805.—806.—807.—808.—809.—810.—811.—812.—813.—814.—815.—816.—817.—818.—819.—820.—821.—822.—823.—824.—825.—826.—827.—828.—829.—830.—831.—832.—833.—834.—835.—836.—837.—838.—839.—840.—841.—842.—843.—844.—845.—846.—847.—848.—849.—850.—851.—852.—853.—854.—855.—856.—857.—858.—859.—860.—861.—862.—863.—864.—865.—866.—867.—868.—869.—870.—871.—872.—873.—874.—875.—876.—877.—878.—879.—880.—881.—882.—883.—884.—885.—886.—887.—888.—889.—890.—891.—892.—893.—894.—895.—896.—897.—898.—899.—900.—901.—902.—903.—904.—905.—906.—907.—908.—909.—910.—911.—912.—913.—914.—915.—916.—917.—918.—919.—920.—921.—922.—923.—924.—925.—926.—927.—928.—929.—930.—931.—932.—933.—934.—935.—936.—937.—938.—939.—940.—941.—942.—943.—944.—945.—946.—947.—948.—949.—950.—951.—952.—953.—954.—955.—956.—957.—958.—959.—960.—961.—962.—963.—964.—965.—966.—967.—968.—969.—970.—971.—972.—973.—974.—975.—976.—977.—978.—979.—980.—981.—982.—983.—984.—985.—986.—987.—988.—989.—990.—991.—992.—993.—994.—995.—996.—997.—998.—999.—1000.—1001.—1002.—1003.—1004.—1005.—1006.—1007.—1008.—1009.—1010.—1011.—1012.—1013.—1014.—1015.—1016.—1017.—1018.—1019.—1020.—1021.—1022.—1023.—1024.—1025.—1026.—1027.—1028.—1029.—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63.—1864.—1865.—1866.—1867.—1868.—1869.—1870.—1871.—1872.—1873.—1874.—1875.—1876.—1877.—1878.—1879.—1880.—1881.—1882.—1883.—1884.—1885.—1886.—1887.—1888.—1889.—1890.—1891.—1892.—1893.—1894.—1895.—1896.—1897.—1898.—1899.—1900.—1901.—1902.—1903.—1904.—1905.—1906.—1907.—1908.—1909.—1910.—1911.—1912.—1913.—1914.—1915.—1916.—1917.—1918.—1919.—1920.—1921.—1922.—1923.—1924.—1925.—1926.—1927.—1928.—1929.—1930.—1931.—1932.—1933.—1934.—1935.—1936.—1937.—1938.—1939.—1940.—1941.—1942.—1943.—1944.—1945.—1946.—1947.—1948.—1949.—1950.—1951.—1952.—1953.—1954.—1955.—1956.—1957.—1958.—1959.—1960.—1961.—1962.—1963.—1964.—1965.—1966.—1967.—1968.—1969.—1970.—1971.—1972.—1973.—1974.—1975.—1976.—1977.—1978.—1979.—1980.—1981.—1982.—1983.—1984.—1985.—1986.—1987.—1988.—1989.—1990.—1991.—1992.—1993.—1994.—1995.—1996.—1997.—1998.—1999.—2000.—2001.—2002.—2003.—2004.—2005.—2006.—2007.—2008.—2009.—2010.—2011.—2012.—2013.—2014.—2015.—2016.—2017.—2018.—2019.—2020.—2021.—2022.—2023.—2024.—2025.—2026.—2027.—2028.—2029.—2030.—2031.—2032.—2033.—2034.—2035.—2036.—2037.—2038.—2039.—2040.—2041.—2042.—2043.—2044.—

MAULE'S ALLTIME PICKS

Sir:

As an avid fan of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I hate to see Tex Maule retire from your staff (*OH, That 200-Yard Run* Sept. 1). Reading his articles during the football season has been a great pastime. I will miss his insight into the game.

MARK LAVENGOOD

Grand Rapids

Sir:

The only pleasant aspect of Tex Maule's retirement is that we no longer will have to suffer through his annual prediction that the Dallas Cowboys will win the NFC title and pulverize some hapless AFC opponent in the Super Bowl. Enjoy retirement, Tex, but pick a new team.

RICK D. SMITH

Eureka, Kans.

Sir:

Tex put it the only way it can be said, "The best running back who ever lived was Jim Brown."

ED DEMAIN

Mauumee, Ohio

Sir:

If Jim Brown ran, Gale Sayers flowed. If Brown powered through a string of potential tacklers, Sayers leaped over them. If statistics are what Tex Maule based his selections on, then perhaps Jim Brown could be classified as the best runner ever. However, if one is to consider performance, Sayers is No. 1. He was an artist who painted pictures on the field.

JONATHAN QUINN

Acton, Mass.

Sir:

As usual, Sonny Jurgensen's outstanding career has gone unnoticed. Tex Maule is certainly qualified to speculate on who were the best football players, but how he could have left Sonny off the list of quarterbacks, I'll never know. Jurgensen's passing and play calling were remarkable throughout his career.

MARK R. GRAVES

Acocokeek, Md.

Sir:

I can find no fault with the sentiments expressed by Tex Maule. As a linebacker on the 1951 New York Yankees of the NFL I do, however, think an important point was overlooked. The average 1950 graduate could

anticipate greater earnings in non-athletic pursuits than in sports. This is no longer the case. With the high potential earnings in athletics, a much higher percentage of graduates is now anxious to go into the pros.

Maybe today's 1,536 NFL players are in it for the money, but I feel the quality of their performance is equal to, or higher than, that of the 416 players of 1950 who, for the most part, were playing because they loved the game, selectively notwithstanding.

JIM CULLOM

Piedmont, Calif.

REG RAJDER OUTLOOK

Sir:

How could you leave Texas Tech out of your Southwest Conference scouting report (Sept. 8)? The Red Raiders upset Texas last year and went on to the Peach Bowl.

HARVEY NATHAN

Lubbock, Texas

● Not only that, new Head Coach Steve Sloan has junior Quarterback Tommy Duviren healthy again after a midseason back injury in '74. Tech could be tough. Sorry.—ED.

POLYCHLORINATED BIPHENYLS

Sir:

I was extremely pleased to read Robert H. Boyle's article *Poisoned Fish, Troubled Waters*, (Sept. 1). Though the PCB problem has been the subject of nationwide hearings by the Environmental Protection Agency, it has yet to receive the public attention needed to eventually force a solution. Boyle's article will, I hope, begin the process.

Wisconsin's Department of Natural Resources held hearings on Aug. 28 and 29 to discuss proposals to set effluent standards for PCBs. At the hearings I warned that considering effluent standards was only the first step in stopping PCB leakage into the environment. To effectively limit further PCB discharges, the multitude of PCB uses must be carefully examined, and where they exist, less toxic substitutes must be employed. In addition, essential uses of PCBs in transformers and capacitors should be critically reviewed to determine whether or not the PCBs are irreplaceable.

The PCB problem is symptomatic of all environmental problems. We are again trying to deal with ecological contamination and potential health hazards with hindsight, not foresight. Hundreds of new chemicals go on the market each year with little protesting for possible adverse effects on the environment or human health. Only when ad-

verse effects are documented, as with PCBs, are corrective steps considered. Toxic-substances-control legislation currently before Congress would require testing and screening of chemicals before they reach the marketplace. We must provide government with the tools of a Toxic Substances Control Act so that in the future we can act with foresight.

MARTIN J. SCHREIBER
Lieutenant Governor
State of Wisconsin

Madison, Wis.

Sir:

Thank you for the sparkling Sept. 1 issue featuring shotpooter Brian Oldfield on the cover and hammer thrower Robert H. Boyle as the lead author. Boyle's sledges, always dead on target against marauders of our environment, have become classic rallying points nationwide for defenders of ecological sanity.

As an ecological scientist, I share with my colleagues across the nation the frustrations that Boyle so well reports. No one is really listening, yet the data have the roar of a million Niagaras. Several of Boyle's pieces have resulted in remedial action being taken on issues ecologists had flailed away at to no avail. I deeply hope that *Poisoned Fish, Troubled Waters* flows into this category. The U.S. Bureau of Outdoor Recreation recently reported that fishing is the nation's No. 1 sport. One hopes it has a future.

In 1969 a nearby manufacturer of environmental monitoring equipment ran a prophetic full-page advertisement in the technical journals. It showed a very dead floating fish and was boldly captioned TODAY THE FISH TOMORROW. . . . It really said it all in four words. Only tomorrow was a lot of yesterdays ago. We still thoroughly lack any real commitment toward maintaining environmental quality in this country, from the very top on down. And for this lack we shall pay most dearly.

DOMINICK J. PHONE, Ph.D.
Director
Environmental Studies Program
Marshall College

Riverside, N.Y.

THE OLOFIELD IMAGE

Sir:

I am not much on writing letters, but this is one time I can't resist. While my sisters were thumbing through your magazine their attention was brought to the title page of the article about Brian Oldfield (*Coming on Strong*, Sept. 1). Upon reading Oldfield's

continued



"Time and time again, endurance wins."

John Newcombe

In an age of instant obsolescence, the classic Rolex endures. Mr. Newcombe wears the Rolex Day-Date Oyster Perpetual Superlative Chronometer. Carved out of a solid block of 18kt. gold with matching President bracelet (1603/5385) \$3,300. Write for free brochure, Rolex Watch U.S.A., Inc., Rolex Bldg., 665 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10022.


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SCORE • JUDGE
DISTANCES
ACCURATELY**
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simple to use. It
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distance from the
flag and the proper
club to use.
• Computer
• Calibrated
• Sturdy,
Pocket-sized

SEND \$1

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SPECIAL GIFT OFFER \$ FOR \$5

Get People Together

Volunteer to help young people, families and communities learn more about one another.

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**Pick
up a
People
today!**
weekly

It's the lively new magazine
from Time Incorporated.
On sale wherever you buy
magazines.

19TH HOLE *round*

statement about God's intentions, one sister replied, "If I looked like him, I'd kill myself." Sorry, Brian.

KEVIN SCUDDER

Omaha

Sir:

Who does Brian Oldfield think he is? Who does he think God is?

ED LANCE

Spencer, W. Va.

Sir:

Vanity is surely present in the Brian Oldfield model of man

ROBERT J. ROMANO

Buffalo

Sir:

You should have put Oldfield's ego on the cover.

DONALD PALMERINE

Pittsburgh

Sir:

It's about time somebody recognized the greatest shotputter the world has ever known. Having witnessed Brian Oldfield's record-breaking 75-foot put last May, I feel that only Bob Beamon's 29'2 1/2" long jump in the 1968 Olympics tops it in the history of track and field. However, when Brian "eternalizes" the world record in the shot at somewhere around 90 feet, which could happen as early as next year, Beamon's accomplishment will rank second.

MICHAEL C. BRAND

I I Paso

TUNA TALES

Sir:

Pardon my delay in responding to George Packard's Article (*There's Only One Kind of Fishing*, Aug. 18), but I was away on a bluefin-tuna fishing trip. Captain Arno Rogers and I were fishing out of Boothbay Harbor, Maine aboard his *Gertrude R* when I hooked up with a 730-pounder about 14 miles out in the Atlantic. Five hours and 15 minutes later I had my tuna and quite a fish story. Thanks to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and George Packard for an equally good fish story. I understand it all too well.

SONNY LUDLAM

Fredericksburg, Va.

Sir:

Of all the sports I have ever participated in (skating, motorcycle racing, etc.) bluefin-tuna fishing is by far the most exciting.

R. T. LAW

Coronado, Calif.

Address editorial mail to *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

100

EDITORIAL & ADVERTISING CORRESPONDENCE

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
Time & Life Building,
Rockefeller Center,
New York, New York 10020

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CHANGE OF ADDRESS & ORDER FORM

IF YOU'RE LEAVING PLEASE LET US KNOW
4 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

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DEWAR'S PROFILES

(Pronounced Do-ers "White Label")



BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 40 & 50% ALC • C-508ENLY IMPORTS CO. N.Y., N.Y.

LYNDA J. WELLS

HOME: Cambridge, Massachusetts

AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Neurobiologist

HOBBIES: Yoga, classical guitar, hiking, cooking.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: Jung's
"Memories, Dreams, Reflections"

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Awarded a post-doctoral traineeship in experimental neurobiology.

QUOTE: "One of the most fascinating subjects for the scientist is the study of the human brain and human behavior. Neurobiological research will lead to an understanding of the basis of behaviors such as emotional illness."

PROFILE: Deep compassion gives her a strong commitment to help relieve the anguish of emotionally disturbed people.

SCOTCH: Dewar's "White Label"



Authentic. There are more than a thousand ways to blend whiskies in Scotland, but few are authentic enough for Dewar's "White Label." The quality standards established in 1846 have never varied. Into each drop go only the finest whiskies from the Highlands, the Lowlands, the Hebrides.

Dewar's never varies.

TV service technicians name Zenith for the two things you want most in color TV.

I. Best Picture.

In a recent nationwide survey of independent TV service technicians, Zenith was named, more than any other brand, as the color TV with the best picture.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say has the best overall picture?

Answers:

Zenith.....	36%
Brand A.....	30%
Brand B.....	10%
Brand C.....	7%
Brand D.....	6%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	2%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	3%
About Equal.....	11%
Don't Know.....	4%

Note: Answers total over 100% due to multiple responses.

II. Fewest Repairs.

In the same survey, the service technicians named Zenith as the color TV needing the fewest repairs. By more than 2-to-1 over the next brand.

Question: In general, of the color TV brands you are familiar with, which one would you say requires the fewest repairs?

Answers:

Zenith.....	38%
Brand A.....	16%
Brand B.....	8%
Brand C.....	4%
Brand D.....	3%
Brand E.....	3%
Brand F.....	2%
Brand G.....	2%
Brand H.....	1%
Brand I.....	1%
Other Brands.....	4%
About Equal.....	14%
Don't Know.....	9%

We're proud of our record of building dependable, quality products. But if it should ever happen that a Zenith product doesn't live up to your expectations—or if you want details of the service technicians' survey—write to the Vice President, Consumer Affairs, Zenith Radio Corporation, 1900 N. Austin Avenue, Chicago, IL 60639.

The Bordeaux, Country French style, with beautiful simulated wood finish and genuine wood veneer top. Model 8G2569F. Simulated TV picture.

ZENITH 100% SOLID-STATE
CHROMACOLOR II

The quality goes in before the name goes on.